SAW XI
A "What If" Fan Finale

By Vinc360

Thank you so much for your interest in my humble little story. The Saw community has been my online home for decades, and I hope you'll find a bit of joy in reading this small gift back to the community. This is in no way meant to be a replacement for the real SAW XI that we never got, but I hope in some small way, it can help fill the void of its absence. This has been a blast to write over the past two years, and I hope the story will connect with you.

I want to thank every person who's provided feedback and encouragement to me over the past two years (you know who you are), and a special thank you to the amazing SAW SOUNDTRACKS, who is currently working on scoring this story. Please enjoy the teaser tracks provided in this script. Once the full version of the soundtrack is ready, it will be shared on r/Saw.

I realize this script is very LONG and may be read in multiple sittings. I was mindful of that while writing and tried to write it so it could be enjoyed "episodically" just as much as in one single go. Look for the hacksaw icons to identify what I think are good "stopping points". :)

I was truly humbled by the amazing response to the first 20 pages I posted as a teaser for this release. I wrote this with absolutely no expectations that ANYONE would want to read it, so I want to extend a very sincere thank you to YOU, a member of the amazing Saw community, for giving this your time and attention. I appreciate it deeply. The Saw community is truly special and amazes me every day, thank you for being a part of it.

On October 31st, at 9 PM ET, a small special epilogue to the story will follow, still on r/Saw.

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Lightning flashes punctuate the echoes of heavy rain and thunder.

FADE TO:

INT. CHEMICAL FACILITY - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Drip...

Drip...

Drip...

We begin on a close-up of the ceiling, water droplets from the storm outside are seeping through the gypsum and dripping down.

We pan down below, CECILIA is asleep on the floor, where we left her at the end of *SAW X.* She is hunched over and contorted, awkwardly leaning against the observation console.

We move in towards her.

She's looking worse for wear. We get a slow close-up pan across the severe burns and scabs covering her arms and neck, and settle on her face; The water droplets from above are hitting her forehead.

A fly crawls over her lips -- their severe dryness hints at her state of advanced dehydration. She's been there a few days.

Drip...

Drip...

Drip...

The water finally jolts her awake.

No hesitation, she turns over and tries to catch the few drips she can with her mouth.

Her eyes catch the network of black pipes overhead. Sprinklers! She traces them with her gaze to where they vanish into the wall on her right.

Despite the agony of her fresh burns, thirst propels her to her feet. She stumbles to the wall, lined with lockers and shelves, gasping for breath.

She takes a moment to recover from the effort, then looks through the shelves, looking for anything useful.

There's a TAPE RECORDER on one of them, but it's clicked open -- there's no tape inside.

The rest of the shelves have nothing useful. No lighter or anything that could visibly activate the sprinklers, just a lot of paper and trinkets. Her frustration grows.

Her eyes dart back to the pipes above, seeing them go into the wall right in front of her. She starts kicking it with all her strength, grunting in exasperation -- but her crackling voice can only muster a tiny screech. Her kicks get stronger, but she can't make a dent.

CECILIA
(with each kick)
Fuck! Fuck!! FUUUCK!!!

Empowered by her rage, Cecilia grabs and topples over the rest of the shelves, causing them to start falling over like dominoes. And behind them...

Score.

A giant, red question mark is crudely painted on the wall. And next to it -- **a FIRE ALARM TRIGGER.**

Cecilia leaps to it, but as she places her fingers behind the pull switch, something stops her in her tracks.

She slowly pulls her fingers back, dragging what she felt behind the trigger with them -- a **tape**. We get a close-up of it and read: **"PLAY ME."**

She throws the tape into the player from the shelf. JIGSAW's voice blasts into the room:

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello Cecilia... I want to play a game.
(beat)
Far be it from me to insult your intelligence, you are a doctor after all, but I presume that by the time you finally find this tape, you'll already be parched to the point of desperation.
(beat)
The human body can withstand a lot of damage, as you no doubt currently realize, but can only last surprisingly little time without water. Thankfully I offer a solution, but it comes at a price.
(MORE)

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(beat)
Pulling this trigger will fulfill your immediate needs and even offer you a way out of this room, but you'll have to live with the flood of consequences from your actions. The alarm you'll trigger will ensure you're found by local authorities, but I've placed evidence of your crimes and deceit on their path to your location. Will you choose to live an honest life or will you take your secrets to your grave?
(beat)
Live or die, Cecilia. Make your choice.

Cecilia once again places her fingers on the trigger, but hesitates. The weight of the choice sinking in.

She soon gathers herself, and decisively pulls it.

Water immediately FLOODS the room as the sprinklers turn on and an alarm blares, tinting the room red.

Cecilia drops to the ground, a sense of defeat and relief overwhelming her in equal ways. She SCREAMS at the top of her lungs, mouth agape as the waterfall from above soaks her.

FADE TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - DIORAMA ROOM - NIGHT

We pick up in a dark room. NEON LIGHTS flicker overhead. Only one stabilizes, casting a harsh glow, and revealing BROKEN GLASS littering the floor.

The room is a mixture of modern and decrepit — walls painted entirely white, except for one covered in shiny black ceramic.

The CEILING is cluttered with STRINGS of various lengths attached to rectangular slates of MIRROR CUTOUTS. Their flipsides reveal incongruous, disconnected lines, like scattered puzzle pieces.

A GIANT DARKENED WINDOW looms on one side, a BLACK BOX embedded in it. The box connects to a tall BLACK PILLAR stretching up to the ceiling. Nearby, a GAS TANK labelled "FLAMMABLE" rests ominously, its shadow cast beneath the neon glow.

A TIPPED OVER STOOL lies nearby—too prominent to be accidental.

On either side of the room: GIANT PULLEY WHEELS. Four thick CHAINS run through them, each connected to the arms and legs of a WOMAN, dark hair, early 40s, looking dishevelled and skinny. She's barefoot, and slouching against the ceramic wall, asleep.

On the opposite side of the room: THE DOLL. Its position mirrors the woman's.

The woman stirs… and wakes up -- cutting her hand on a piece of broken glass in the process.

WOMAN
(wincing)
Wha— What the fuck is this? Where am I?!

She takes in her surroundings, as she rubs her neck with her bloody hand to soothe herself. Her breathing quickens. Then—

She notices a security camera aimed squarely at her, then sees the DOLL.

Tears flood her eyes, and her panic escalates into hysteria.

She looks back at the camera.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
(panicking)
No, no, no, no, God no. I know what this is. You're the guy. I promise, I wanna live!
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Her gaze falls on one of the STRINGS. Unlike the others, this one connects to a TAPE RECORDER.

She notices the nearby stool.

Trembling, she carefully begins stepping towards it, unable to avoid repeatedly lacerating her feet in the process.

She eventually reaches it and drags it over to herself, climbing on unsteady feet to its tiny top surface in order to reach the recorder.

She pulls it off the string, and steps down to a sitting position, staring at it in her hands.

Her every instinct screams against it… but there's no other option. She presses PLAY.

As soon as she does, the DOLL's restraints begin being pulled on the other side of the room, until it begins to hang above ground from the tension.

JIGSAW'S VOICE crackles on from the recorder.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello, Judith. I want to play a game.
(beat)
For years you've turned your place of business into fertile grounds for consequence-free harmful acts, taking bribes to turn a blind eye to the horrors surrounding you, telling yourself you had to find an angle to make ends meet as you felt… overstretched.
(beat)
What started off as mere moral flexibility quickly escalated to something much greater, and darker. Your entitlement and greed causing you to believe you deserved more; that it was worth risking all the blessings you already had.
Today we'll find out what your real limits are.
(beat)
I apologize for the questionable decor of the room you find yourself in, but I can assure you it has everything you need to get out of your… predicament.
The mirrors surrounding you are but a tool to your salvation, allowing you to look inward as you find the angle you need to save yourself.
Find the symbol of your shame hidden within this room. Yell out what it is, and you will be freed from the chains that bind you.
(beat)
But be warned: take too long and we'll find out just how much you can really be stretched —
(Jigsaw pauses, letting out a brief laugh. He coughs, choking on his own laughter, clearly entertained by his excellent pun.)
Live or die, Judith.
(MORE)

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Make your choice.

The recorder clicks off. At the same time, the DOLL, now hanging well above Judith, loudly emits its iconic CACKLE as its appendages spread out like a starfish.

The doll soon EXPLODES in every direction from the ever-tightening chains. Its torso and head crash to the ground next to her, as it keeps on laughing.

Judith is about to experience a QUARTERING.

JUDITH
(in wide-eyed disbelief)
Holy fuck.

The pulleys in the room immediately activate, slowly pulling the chains connected to all of her limbs. Their ominous and loud metallic tick emphasizing impending doom.

Judith snaps out of her stupor and looks up. The mirrors and drawings above create a dizzying effect, but there's no discernible pattern.

If she has any hope solving this, she'll need a higher line of sight. Her eyes snap to the tipped over stool she just stepped off of. She grabs it and climbs on, needing to tiptoe on it to fit her feet. Her legs are shaking heavily from the nerves, and because of the tiny surface area it offers.

We begin to see from Judith's POV.

The extensive amount of incongruous lines causes them to blur together, abstract patterns begin to emerge.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
An... eye? I see an eye! Maybe a fish? A FUCKING... FISH? I don't know what I'm looking at!!

No response.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
This is impossible.

She tiptoes on the unsteady stool to turn to the other side, but her restraints prevent her from turning without tangling up the chains, and her trembling intensifies.

She loses her footing, and falls off the stool -- CRASHING into the broken glass below. Judith YELPS in pain.

She screams and cries in agony, but as the gears keep on clicking and the chains pull at her arms, she collects herself and slowly stands up.

She inspects the damage to her body, and pulls a large piece of glass from her shoulder.

She notice another one on her ankle. She moves to pull it out, but the chains stop her in her tracks. They're getting too tight for her to move.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(crying)
Please. Please. Please! I fucked up. I know I did. But I was BROKE, and just trying to build a better life. You don't have to do this. Don't do this to me.

No luck. The chains continue to tighten.

Judith resigns herself to getting back on the stool. She wipes the tears blurring her vision, as we pan across the mirrors and abstract lines. Judith starts blurting out any and all possibilities.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
A circle! A shape! Someone's... head?

Nothing works.

Judith squints, she notices text cut-outs on the back of the mirror in front of her:

YOU'RE

OVERTHINKING

IT

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(defeated)
I don't understand.

The pulleys suddenly stop clicking... offering Judith a hopeful reprieve...

…But then click **louder**, and **faster**. The chains tighten rapidly and **wipe her off her feet.**

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(panicked, crying)
NO! NO! PLEASE! I'll do anything!
(MORE)

JUDITH (CONT'D)
I'll give all the money to charity.
I'll do anything you want!

She's now LEVITATING, the tightness of her chains restraining any movement and lifting her above ground. Her ascent is swift.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
I'll never do this again. I just wanted a better life. I had nothing! Anyone in my position would've done the same. You don't know me! You don't know what I've been through! I didn't DO anything. I just let him --

SNAP! Her arm suddenly **DISLOCATES**. We hear the gnarly sound of bones **CRACKING**, as all her other limbs follow suit. The loosened bones hang in Judith's flesh, almost giving them the appearance of **overfilled sausage casings.**

Judith lets out a long, ear-splitting and agonizing SCREAM.

The pulleys continue to tighten the chains.

Her flesh begins to rip at the seams, muscle and tissue dripping down to color the broken glass shards -- and the doll's disembodied head -- below.

We get an overhead view of Judith. Her screams fade as the life drains out of her. Her right arm now only hanging by a thinning mix of bone and tissue. Blood is pouring out of her mouth.

As her life leaves her, she looks toward the security camera, and the realization hits her.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(weak whisper)
Ca...me...ra.

Too late. The chains **RIP** the limbs from her, and they violently fly to the walls around. Her torso crashes to the floor, with a loud thump.

(beat)

We show a wide shot of the room, pulling away to showcase the gruesome aftermath. Then-

We hear the sound of a door opening.

A hooded figure walks into frame, its silhouette now blocking our view.

The shadowy figure is wielding an ominous long stick.

BZZZZZZZT...

Bright neon lighting suddenly fills the room, we realize the figure is donning Jigsaw's black and red robe, and wielding... a mop.

The hood comes off, revealing we're looking at AMANDA.

She drops the mop into a soap and water bucket she placed on the floor, and begins dutifully and unglamorously cleaning the grisly scene.

We get a cleaning montage!

With every strike of the mop, we reveal the opening credits under the grotesque grime.

Soon after, Amanda's work is interrupted by a coughing fit, coming from the adjacent room.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

A surprisingly livable and cozy room, like it's halfway between a cottage home's modest living room and a survival bunker. Warm lighting gives the area's sparse but functional decor a soft glow. There's a bed, a fully stocked bookshelf, a stove and sink, canned foods... medical supplies, an oxygen tank, and I.V equipment...

Here sitting in a lavish chair, warming up next to a window-embedded fireplace, we find JIGSAW. He's in rough shape. His face is littered with barely-healed bruises and cuts, and his left index finger is wrapped in a crude bandage. Some may recognize his injuries from the end of ***SAW II***.

Amanda walks into the room and rushes to his side.

AMANDA
Are you okay? I heard you coughing from...

She gestures towards the large window John is sitting by, where the fireplace is embedded.

We see the half-cleaned room from earlier through it, and understand this is the large tinted window from the previous scene -- John's been watching the action from up-close.

He grabs Amanda's hand and puts his other hand over it, as to reassure her.

JOHN
I'm fine. I'm ok.

Amanda moves away to grab a glass of water from the sink, she sets down the Jigsaw robe onto the nearby wheelchair on her way.

Glass of water in hand, she uses a bit of it to water a small plant near the room entrance, then hands the glass to John.

AMANDA
(angry)
You could have helped him.

We pan to reveal HOFFMAN sitting in the opposite corner of the room. He doesn't respond, but points to the headphones he's wearing. He's fully absorbed in whatever he's watching on his laptop.

Amanda hands John the glass of water.

JOHN
Thank you.

John takes a timid sip from the straw, and winces.

AMANDA
You don't seem to be getting better. What can I do?

JOHN
Amanda, when you're in my condition... there's no getting better.

John weakly attempts to open a pill bottle he had in his lap, but fails. He hands it to Amanda, who opens it for him as they continue talking.

AMANDA
Don't say that. You still have some good days.
(beat)
And we can make sure the time you have left-

JOHN
(cutting her off)
We have more work to do. And not much time left.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
You know how important finishing *this* game is to me.

John swallows a pill with water, grimacing. It's clear he's in pain.

AMANDA
I want you to think about your recovery. I'm telling you I can handle this one, I want to show you what I'm capable of.

JOHN
You've shown me, Amanda. I know how you handle things. But this one is for us both -- we started it together, and we'll end it together. It could well be my very last game.

Amanda visibly recoils at the words, and turns away from him, a tear rolling down her cheek.

John pauses, and stands up with great difficulty. He moves to his wheelchair, to face her.

He's winded from the effort, and pulls the respirator from the oxygen tank to his face to take a breath.

He puts his hand on her chin to lift her face. Amanda's eyes are glistening with tears.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Our time together, however short... it means the world, Amanda. You mean ***everything*** to me. And I'm still here. I want to do this with you. Don't mourn me earlier than you have to.

Amanda moves in to hug him tightly, but John struggles to return the embrace.

The moment gets interrupted.

HOFFMAN
I don't mean to ruin your little pity party, but you both have to watch this.

He sets the laptop in front of them and unplugs the headphones cord.

The screen shows what looks like a conspiratorial blog, prominently featuring a sleazy looking guy with a smug expression. The top banner reads:

KENNYEDWARDS.COM -- UNLOCK THE TRUTH THEY HIDE FROM YOU

Underneath, a paused video player showing KENNY, a portly, late-thirties balding man with a small thinning patch of hair hanging on for dear life. His goatee stands in sharp contrast with his head.

He's sitting on what appears to be a very cheap radio show set, but wearing an expensive looking suit.

AMANDA
(mockingly)
What? You've been reading up on our next test subject and think birds aren't real, now?
He got to you before we even got a hold of him?!

HOFFMAN
Shut up and play the video-

Amanda keeps talking over him, and cutting off his attempts to interject.

AMANDA
(mockingly)
I thought cops didn't fall for that kinda shit.

HOFFMAN
Are you done?

AMANDA
(mockingly)
Calls himself a detective but can't even fucking see these braindead scams for what they are? I'm disappointed in you!

Hoffman loses his patience, and pounces on the laptop to press play.

HOFFMAN
Watch.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. KENNY EDWARDS SHOW SET - DAY

KENNY
We're joined today by someone who the authorities have spent years saying is a dangerous scammer, someone who should be avoided at all costs. All this despite her proven track record of important medical breakthroughs.
(beat)
Yet today, she's here to tell us about the one time *they* needed something from her.
Dear audience, today's guest is none other than Dr. Cecilia Pederson!

We cut over to Cecilia, who's comfortably sitting opposite Kenny and smiling widely.

She looks considerably cleaned-up from the last time we saw her. She appears to have received skin transplants on her arms and neck. Her hair is also significantly shorter, revealing more of the scars on her neck.

It's almost like she wants to display them as a badge of honor.

CECILIA
Thanks for having me, Kenny.

He leans forward, shuffling the papers in his hands.

WE BRIEFLY TRANSITION OUT OF THE SCENE, BACK WITH JOHN AND AMANDA TO SHOW THEIR REACTION.

John and Amanda are watching intently, neither looking happy to see Cecilia again.

Amanda is biting her knuckles, like she's holding back her rage from seeing Cecilia again. But John is more serene, almost appearing unsurprised to see her in this setting.

VINCSOO SAW

KENNY (V.O)
(from the laptop)
So to catch up those of you who have been living under a rock, Dr. Pederson is the daughter of Finn Pederson, a world renown doctor who found a cure for cancer, and dedicated his life to getting his treatment out to people, all despite governments and big pharma's best efforts to stop him.
(beat)

WE MOVE BACK TO THE SHOW

KENNY (CONT'D)
Of course, being a doctor herself, she's following in her father's footsteps, but Interpol and the FBI won't have it! They spent years investigating her and trying to arrest her. And when Mexican authorities caught up to her, they briefly did! Am I correct so far, Doctor?

CECILIA
(jokingly)
You are. I was a very popular woman!

KENNY
(laughing)
That's right! So if they did finally catch you with so-called evidence of your crimes, how the hell is it that you're sitting in front of me here today?

CECILIA
Well you see, Kenny, life threw another obstacle at me. But I'm a resilient woman.
(beat)
While caring for patients in Mexico, I ran into John Kramer. The Jigsaw Killer. And despite his best efforts to murder me in cold blood, I survived.

VIRGIN360 JIGSAW

KENNY
You're an incredible woman. That must have been quite hard to go through, I'm sorry that happened to you.

Kenny shuffles his papers some more.

If I'm correct, after those events, the Mexican police arrested you on Interpol's behalf, with no regard for what you'd just gone through?

CECILIA
(laughing)
Turns out they didn't care too deeply about my well-being.

KENNY
But it didn't take long for them to realize you had crucial information on a serial killer they'd been desperately looking for in this country.

CECILIA
That's right, Kenny. That's why I'm a free woman today, and why I'm here in this wonderful country.

KENNY
Amazing. They're proving incapable of catching him...

CECILIA
(interjecting)
Your tax dollars at work!

KENNY (CONT'D)
Right! But at least as of last week, his identity is public! Everything about the guy is out there now. What other information could you possibly have that the FBI needed so badly?

CECILIA
Well, while the deal I struck with the FBI prevents me from revealing anything more...

KENNY
Which, by the way, is baffling!

CECILIA (CONT'D)
...I can reveal to you that John Kramer isn't working alone. He has an accomplice.

Cecilia turns her gaze to the camera.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
And the FBI now knows exactly who that is, thanks to me.

WE TRANSITION BACK TO THE RECOVERY ROOM

Amanda has a sudden look of genuine fear in her eyes.

KENNY
(from laptop)
Fascinating. From dangerous international criminal, to national hero! The people can't thank you enough for your service to this country.

Hoffman suddenly shuts the laptop screen.

HOFFMAN
They know about you.

Amanda is pacing around the room.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
She needs another test.

AMANDA
Nobody wants to see this bitch die more than I do.
(beat)
But she passed her test.

Amanda looks over to John, like she's looking for approval.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
She could be bluffing, trying to smoke me out of hiding.

HOFFMAN
Well she told them *something*, or she'd be behind bars. And still in Mexico.

AMANDA
(agitated)
You're "FBI".

Amanda mockingly emphasizes the acronym with air quotes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Can't you find out what they know?

HOFFMAN
I'm a detective. I work for police, not the FBI. And they haven't told us anything yet. Keeping their cards close to their chest since your stunt with Eric Matthews.
(beat)

AMANDA
(increasingly panicked)
Why the fuck do we keep you around again?

HOFFMAN
(angry)
I was gonna ask you the same thing. Mind telling me why the fuck you let her live after she saw your face?

AMANDA
We have rules. I'm not a killer like you are.

Hoffman steps close to her and violently grabs her hand.

HOFFMAN
Tell that to the guy whose guts you cut out of his chest with this hand.

AMANDA
(yelling)
FUCK YOU!

She pulls her arm out of his grasp and rubs it. We briefly catch a glimpse of scars on her wrists before she covers them back up with her sleeve.

Hoffman notices.

WE CUT TO A CLOSE UP OF JOHN'S FACE, WEARING AN UNSTEADY, DEAD-EYED EXPRESSION. HE LOOKS LIKE A POWDER KEG, READY BLOW UP AT ANY MOMENT.

HOFFMAN
(off-screen, muted)
Fuck me? I'm the guy who took the massive risk even coming here to tell you. You're wanted fugitives.

STILL HOLDING ON JOHN'S FACE.

AMANDA
(off-screen, increasingly muted)
Spare me the bullshit. The only reason you came here is because you worry about your own ass.

HOFFMAN
(off-screen, almost entirely muted)
If you were even remotely aware of how serious-

John has had enough, he violently leaps up from his wheelchair and **yells**.

JOHN
(yelling)
ENOUGH!

Both Amanda and Hoffman immediately go silent.

But the outburst is too much for John's weakened self. He wobbles, then **faints**, violently hitting his head against the floor.

Lights out.

INSERT TITLE CARD:

SAW XI

VINC30
R/SAW

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

John wakes up in a familiar location: His hospital room from the original ***SAW***. He's got his iconic goatee and shaved head, we understand this is either a flashback, or a dream.

The lights are off, it's nighttime. But light is emanating from a laptop in the corner of the room, near the door. An orderly can be seen, mostly obstructed by the bright screen.

JOHN
Excuse me, would you turn that off? I'm trying to sleep.

No answer.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Please. I've had a long day of treatments. I've got more coming my way tomorrow morning. I need my rest.

Still no response.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Could you at least get me a glass of water?

John grabs a plastic cup from the cabinet next to him, being improvised as a nightstand.

He wiggles the cup.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(agitated)
Please!

His tone finally catches the orderly's attention. He stands up.

We recognize the man as ZEP HINDLE, one of Jigsaw's subjects from months ago.

He looks over to John, fakes a smile, and stands up -- closing his laptop as he starts approaching him.

ZEP
What can I help you with?

JOHN
Water.

Zep nods, and grabs the cup.

ZEP
I'll be right back.

He walks out of the room. John watches him leave, annoyed with the interaction.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

A CLOSE UP OF A CUP OF WATER BEING FILLED FROM THE SINK.

Amanda approaches John, who's just waking up. He's bedridden.

She puts the cup on his nightstand.

JOHN
How long was I out?

AMANDA
Almost a day. I'm so glad-

John cuts her off.

JOHN
Are the players in place?

Amanda nods.

AMANDA
You know, about Cecilia...

JOHN
We don't need to talk about her.

Amanda pauses, worried about saying what comes next.

AMANDA
I think Mark may be right.

JOHN
She passed her test. We move on to our new test subjects.

AMANDA
But did she learn anything? Did she change?
(MORE)

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AMANDA (CONT'D)
(beat)
I'm not sure she did.

John scoffs.

JOHN
It's not about what subjects learn, Amanda. It's about testing who they already are. She's a survivor, it's in her nature. She understands the value of her life.

AMANDA
John, I need you to watch this.

Amanda sets the laptop in front of him, and resumes playing the video from earlier.

ON THE SCREEN

KENNY
So this Jigsaw character, John Kramer, what's he like?

CECILIA
A madman, a complete hypocrite who tells himself he's helping people appreciate their blessings.

KENNY
(sarcastically)
And he accomplishes that by... ripping them apart, limb from limb?

CECILIA
I'm not sure there's anything very... scientific about his approach.

KENNY
Sure doesn't seem like it.

CECILIA
I'll tell you one thing. My work... it meant everything to me. I can't practice now, I'm muzzled. Authorities won't let me do it.
(beat)

Cecilia looks down, seeming almost ashamed, or hurt.

VINCSAW

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I've never felt more directionless. And I can't stop thinking about the night I almost died, in that bloody waterboarding contraption.

KENNY
You have nightmares?

CECILIA
I wish. It's much worse. I get flashbacks, even if I'm wide awake. I have PTSD symptoms. This guy says he helps people feel alive again. But the truth is I've never felt closer to death.
(beat)
I don't sleep anymore, I don't eat. I feel... purposeless. I find myself wondering when it'll all end, for me.
(beat)

Kenny is staring at her, intently listening.

From his bed, John is similarly hypnotized.

CECILIA (V.O.)
(from the laptop)
I think part of me actually died that night. He took something from me. He didn't just make me fear for my life, he took away my drive, my purpose.

John shuts the laptop, and turns to Amanda -- looking daggers at her.

AMANDA
I don't think we changed her.

JOHN
(Emphasizing)
We don't change people. We reveal their nature.

AMANDA
(Hesitantly)
John... It's not in anyone's nature to feel dead inside.

He turns his gaze away from Amanda, staring straight ahead in empty space. He looks lost in thought.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
We could-

John interrupts her.

JOHN
Find her. Bring her here.

AMANDA
Well, I should probably tell you-

Before Amanda can finish talking, we hear loud scraping noise coming from outside the room, it sounds like something is being carried in.

Hoffman walks into the room, he's wearing his classic black windbreaker jacket, and is dragging a bound, passed out Cecilia along.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
He beat us to it.

Hoffman nonchalantly drops Cecilia in front of them.

HOFFMAN
You're welcome.

John looks unimpressed, but resigns himself.

JOHN
It's time to play a game.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We see Hoffman drag Cecilia through a long, curved corridor, he's quick as we slowly dolly in. He passes through a door to the left. We keep following the corridor, and eventually reach the door he went through, much after he went in. By the time we're inside, Hoffman and Cecilia are gone.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - NIGHT

We're now within the eerie confines of the abandoned art gallery's exhibition hall. The air is heavy with an unsettling vibe, as aged paintings hang on the walls, their frames dust-covered. The art on display is incongruous.

Strange figures surrounding a bonfire, impossible portraits of people with abstract features, a fruit bowl, a forest of trees... A strange mix of the mundane and the uncanny. A thick, ornate gold railing encircles the room, focusing attention on the central display.

It's a grisly, but almost darkly beautiful sight. **Human remains**, deliberately placed around the pedestal, almost to **reconstitute its female human form**, to replace the art piece that's been lost. There are decrepit arms and legs, and even a torso. They look... preserved. Frozen. Maybe recently thawed.

Instead of a human head, there's a white stone statue head, suggesting what once was the centerpiece. Dust and stone fragments litter the floor.

Directly above, a SKYLIGHT, a thin layer of snow from the emerging blizzard outside partially covers it, moonlight barely peers through.

Chained to the gold railing are **five people,** all wearing thick chains.

One is sitting against the back wall, he only sports one chain on his right wrist.

The other four are all are wearing theirs chains around their necks, and these chains connect all the way to the ceiling. 2 of them are on each side of the room. All five people are sitting about 10 feet apart from each other, except for the two of the left-side wall, who are very close to one another.

3 strange, large plexiglass boxes sit next to the players on the right and left sides of the room. The boxes have circular holes covered by metal, each hole appears nearly large enough to fit a human head.

Only one of the players, a MAN, is awake. He's hunched over in a corner on the right side of the room, facing away from the center, unable to face the grim reality of what's there.

He's attempting to chip away at his chain, methodically hitting it over and over with a stone fragment. A lost cause- his bloody hand hinting at how long he's been trying- but he persists. Maniacally.

This is JACOB, a middle-aged, well-groomed man with graying hair. He's wearing an olive green cardigan over a gray shirt, and white linen pants.

To his right, sitting against the back wall of the room is someone we recognize -- Kenny. He's wearing a dirty white dress shirt and a red tie, loosely hanging around his neck.

He's the next person to wake up.

Kenny soon drowsily looks around, taking in his surroundings. Next to him is a safe with a combination dial. On top of it, a small plexiglass box, similar to the one next to the other players but much smaller. A rope is tied to it. Above it, a **GUILLOTINE BLADE.**

We note Kenny's chain to the gold railing goes *through* the small plexiglass box, and into the railing itself.

Kenny soon spots Jacob.

KENNY
Who are you? What is this?

Jacob keeps hacking away at the chain.

KENNY (CONT'D)
Hello?

JACOB
We're gonna die here.

KENNY
What are you talking about? What'd you do me?!

JACOB
Not me.

Jacob points to the upper right corner of the room, a camera and four large monitors are hung up on there.

Next to the monitors, a clock with red markings on the wall. There are four markings. At 3, 11, 11:30, and 12. The clock currently reads 2:30.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Look around. This is the work of a madman.

Kenny finally notices the macabre arrangement at the center, having the most obscured viewpoint for it in the room.

KENNY
Jesus Fucking Christ.

JACOB
He can't help us here.

Kenny pauses in disbelief, and looks around to the other people passed out on the room's floor, still asleep.

KENNY
Who are they?

JACOB
No idea. Not dead, though. This one moved her fingers earlier.

He nods his head in the direction of the woman on his side of the room. That's MARY, a chubby, curly-haired woman in her early 40s.

KENNY
What about you?

The distrust in his voice is palpable, but Jacob ignores it.

JACOB
Just a guy who woke up here, like you.

Kenny just stares back.

The other 2 players are almost overlapping, much closer together than the others. They wake up near simultaneously.

OLIVIER, a conventionally attractive, late 20s guy, casually dressed, is the first to speak up as he spots the GIRL just waking up next to him.

OLIVIER
What's this- Liz! Liz, what happened?

That's ELIZABETH, also in her late 20s, her appearance and allure almost mirroring Olivier's. She slowly gets on her feet, helped by him. She's holding her head in pain.

LIZ
Where are we?

KENNY
Welcome to hell.

Olivier turns around to face him, but immediately notices the central mess of arranged body parts.

OLIVIER
Holy shit! What kind of fucked up, satanic shit are you all doing here!?

JACOB
Trust me, we have nothing to do with this.

KENNY
We're all trying to figure out what's going on.

Olivier's gaze snaps back to Kenny. He clearly hasn't registered what either of the men said, his wide-eyed expression seeming almost more shocked to see Kenny than he was to see the shrine of human limbs.

OLIVIER
You're-

LIZ
Kenny Edwards! What the hell are you doing here?

OLIVIER
(interjecting)
We're really big fans.

LIZ
You more than me, but...

Kenny performs bashful hand gestures, the flattery seeming to make him forget the dire situation for a moment.

KENNY
I wish we'd be meeting in better circumstances.

JACOB
No fucking kidding. I followed your show too, by the way-

Mary jolts awake and loudly gasps for air, giving everyone a jump scare and interrupting the conversation. She springs up on her feet, holding her neck and immediately taking in her surroundings. Panic sets in immediately as she sees the dismembered body.

MARY
(Panicked)
Why- what's going on!?

OLIVIER
It's okay! Well, not really, no... But we all woke up here, we're trying to figure out what's going on. What's your name?

MARY
Name's Mary. My husband! Is this where he's been?

VIC360 PRISM

The rest of the group look at each other in confusion.

LIZ
Ma'am, we don't know where your husband is, sorry. I'm Liz, this is my boyfriend Olivier, this is...

She points to Jacob, but realizes she doesn't know his name.

JACOB
Jacob.

LIZ
Jacob! And this is Kenny. We're all as confused as you are-

She tearfully looks over to Kenny.

MARY
Oh... Mr. Edwards! My husband, is he here?

KENNY
(calmly)
I'm sorry ma'am... I don't know who you're talking about. We all just woke up here, we don't know where we are.

Mary notices the room's centerpiece, and her panic escalates into full-on hysteria. She starts YANKING at her chain aggressively, and screams-

MARY
GET ME OUTTA HERE!

The rest of the group look at each other, unsure of how to react. Jacob makes his attempt.

JACOB
(calmly)
Hey. We'll help you find your husband. But right now, we have to figure out why we're here. What happened to your husband?

Jacob's calm demeanor seems to soothe Mary.

MARY
He... disappeared a few months ago. Never came home after work.

She looks down, fidgeting with her hands to steady herself.

MARY (CONT'D)

At first the cops thought he just left me, they didn't even start looking for him for a WEEK!

She scoffs.

MARY (CONT'D)

But I knew something was wrong from the very start. He spent so much time at work. Then one night he just... didn't come home.

(beat)

And with all of these other disappearances...

Mary shifts her gaze back to the centerpiece corpse.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm scared I'll find him here.

She breaks into tears again.

BZZZZZZZZZZT. The monitors overhead loudly come on, one by one. We get close-ups of what appears to be security footage on each of them, and catch quick glimpses:

The first shows a standing MAN. A strange rack of blades stands tall next to him, and he appears bound in place. It looks like he's yelling for help, but no sound can be heard.

The second shows another MAN, sitting in a chair with a contraption hanging from the ceiling in front of him.

The third shows Cecilia, pacing around the same room Judith's Quartering test took place in, now fully cleaned up. Her hands are bound with rope, and one of her feet is chained to the wall.

The fourth shows a WOMAN, bound by chains to a crummy bed in what looks like a decrepit bedroom. A tall standing mirror is angled towards her.

Jacob's eyes widen as he looks over to the monitors.

JACOB

(under his breath)

That's my wife!

He points to the woman in the fourth monitor.

JACOB (CONT'D)

That's... that's her.

He stares at the screen, mouth agape, in complete disbelief at what he's witnessing.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(tearfully)
Oh, Isabella...

We start rapidly cutting between the players, amongst the chaos of their reactions.

OLIVIER
Who are the other people on there?
What is this?

Liz points to the man on the first screen.

LIZ
I think that's my doctor.

KENNY
Guys, this is not good.

OLIVIER
(agitated)
What do you mean?!

JACOB
(under his breath, still staring at the screen)
How did he get-

KENNY
I think this is the guy.

OLIVIER
What guy?

KENNY
The psycho who puts people in death traps.

OLIVIER
What are you TALKING about?!

KENNY
Jigsaw, kid. The Jigsaw killer.

Liz immediately grabs her head, and starts pacing around her area and panicking.

LIZ
No, no-no-no-no, fuck that. No!
Fuck. That. Help!! Someone help us!!

VINCE360 JIGSAW

Olivier grabs her to calm her down, looking her in the eyes and holding her head in his hands.

OLIVIER
Hey! It's okay, baby. I'm here. I won't let anything happen to you.

Liz gives rapid, wide-eyed nods upon hearing these words. She takes a deep, yet nervous breath and collects herself.

LIZ
Okay. Okay, okay.

Olivier hugs her, gently rubbing her back with his fingers.

We see Mary crying in the corner of the room, no longer yanking at her chain.

MARY
That guy in the second monitor, that's my brother-in-law. I haven't spoken to him in years.

Jacob is still staring at the screen.

MARY (CONT'D)
I think we're here for a reason.

OLIVIER
What? No way. Why would a fucking serial killer come after us? We didn't do anything, and got nothing to give!

Mary stands up and yells at the monitors.

MARY
Give me back my husband!!

The chaos is suddenly interrupted by the sound of the entrance door sliding open, on the opposite side to where Kenny is standing. The room immediately goes silent as everyone turns toward it.

Behind the door is pig-masked Amanda, standing behind John in his chair. She slowly wheels him in.

He's a shadow of himself, but manages to stand, using a fire poker as an improvised cane to support his weight.

Despite this, he remains an imposing presence, the room almost appearing to fill up with a dense atmosphere as he comes in.

Amanda walks out of the room, leaving John to deal with the group.

JOHN
I'm afraid I can't do that right now, Mary. But I can help each of you find yourselves, if you'll let me.

The room is swallowed by a stunned silence. But Liz soon breaks it:

LIZ
Why are you doing this to us?

John turns towards her.

JOHN
Because you're in need of healing, and I know what that's like.

John sets both hands on the fire poker,

OLIVIER
And who's that? Are we gonna end up like them?

Olivier gestures towards the centerpiece

JOHN
Consider it... a warning. A clue as to what could come next for you if you don't heed my words.

JACOB
What do you want from us?

We see over Jacob's shoulder, from his point of view, staring up at John, who turns towards him.

JOHN
I want to play a game.

(beat)

JOHN (CONT'D)
You're all young and healthy, with a world of possibilities ahead of you. Yet the life you choose to live... is prescribed. Your attempts to outsource the difficult choices of life to a third party leave you at their mercy. But tell me --
(MORE)

VILE360 SAW

JOHN (CONT'D)
what happens if you're bad judges of character?
You all are but empty vessels, going through life without ever really experiencing it. Remaining numb, without feeling the joy... and pain... of tracing your own path.

John turns to Mary.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Lets talk about you, Mary. Since the disappearance of your husband, you've been but a shadow of your former self, losing all sense of your own identity. You're spending your every waking hour trying to get back what you lost, with no regard for the decay in other aspects of what remains your life. You're looki g in the wrong place, Mary. But I'll help you find your own way.

MARY
(interjecting)
I know you have him. Please tell me you do. I'll do whatever you want, I'll-

John ignores her and carries on.

JOHN
You've looked for comfort in Mr. Edwards' lies and conspiracies about his disappearance, but true comfort comes from within.
(beat)

John glances over to the device next to her.

We cut to Liz, who watches with great disgust as John continues to berate the poor woman.

JOHN (CONT'D)
There's no doubt that losing a loved one is a colossal challenge for anyone, but it's only as destructive as you allow it to be. The way you decide to rise to the occasion or not reveals a lot about your nature, and today we'll see what you're really made of.

VIRGO PUSAW

Liz has enough, and jumps in.

LIZ
Leave her alone!

John shifts his attention to her.

JOHN
And you, Liz, you're young, with your whole life ahead of you. Isn't that right?

He looks at Olivier as he emphasizes those words.

OLIVIER
Watch it.

John ignores him, and keeps his eyes locked on Liz.

JOHN
You and I have a lot in common. When hope begins to fade, you cling to it with everything you have. And people like Kenny's lies can feel.. intoxicating. Comforting. I know that very well, believe me. I truly hope today is illuminating for you. But by choosing to live a life of denial, you keep yourself from truly living.

KENNY
What the fuck are you talking about, old man?

JOHN
And you, Mr. Edwards -- you're different. You live by your own rules. You're the star of the show! The connective tissue holding everyone here together. As I see it, you push your worldview onto others for your own gain, with no regard for truth. You absolve yourself of all responsibility with meaningless disclaimers, but the impact of your lies on others is very real. People want to pretend they're not responsible for the ills that stem from their words, but you are.
(beat)
I did appreciate your... interview, with my friend Cecilia.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
It reminded me of the one her father gave, that sold me on her treatment. As they say, the apple never falls far from the tree.

KENNY
I give people crucial information and perspective that others hide from them. What do YOU and your minion over there do, exactly? Torture people? Great service to society there, buddy. I spoke to some of your victims. You may find it surprising, but none of them had anything nice to say about you.

John scoffs, and gives a full-toothed smile.

JOHN
(amused)
I don't have to justify myself to you, Kenny. I know your kind. You talk a big game, but there's not an ounce of real substance to you. Once the facade wears off, you'll fall apart like a deck of cards.
(beat)
But lets put that to the test. You fancy yourself a great judge of character, letting otherwise disreputable people reshape their public personas on your show, and creating an alternate version of reality in the process. But lets find out how good of a judge you really are. The devices that surround the room demand some... sacrifices.

We show rapid-fire close-ups of all the plexiglass devices next to everyone in the room.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And yours, Kenny, is as special as you are. It will provide you with all the control over others that you so crave. However, that comes at a cost. The fate of the people in the monitors lies in the hands of the people in this room, and in their willingness to make sacrifices of their own.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
But like the true puppet master you are, you'll get to orchestrate the entire operation, and decide WHO performs each sacrifice.

Jacob cuts in.

JACOB
What do you mean, "orchestrate?"

JOHN
You've trusted Kenny's words and advice blindly up until now, to your great detriment. You were building a great life together with your wife, wouldn't you say? But you threw it all away due to your devotion to the man's advice. With such dedication, you should have no problem with him being in control of your fate. I'd even say he already has been.

JOHN (CONT'D)
In truth, you've all been too cowardly and ill-equipped to make your own decisions for yourself. You've become mere shadows of what you should be. A vital piece of you is missing and you've willingly stripped yourselves of the agency that lets you live a free and fulfilling life. But today, you'll have the opportunity to prove me wrong.

John slowly paces around the centerpiece of the room, looking increasingly energetic and in his element. This is what he lives for.

Meanwhile, Liz notices a lump in the disembodied legs' pocket.

JOHN (CONT'D)
My question to all of you is: Are you going to spend the rest of what could be a shortened existence on this Earth, trusting a man who's entire purpose has been to deceive you since the moment you met him? Over the next day, we'll find out together.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
(John turns his attention towards Jacob, and smiles as he continues)
Find out if you'll repeat that pattern, or if you'll be able to escape his grasp and be true to your own selves.
(beat)
Let me show you what will take place.

As John says those words, the chain that binds Kenny begins to pull him towards the "sacrifice device" next to him.

KENNY
Wait, HANG ON! What the fuck are you doing?!

His hand is soon entirely locked into position, inside the device, and a light turns on on it. All of his fingers besides his thumb now hover over four buttons, each with a label with other players' names.

JOHN
One after another, the people on the monitors will be in... need of help. This is where your great leadership will come in. In order to save them, the bravest among you will have to perform a sacrifice of their flesh. And you, Kenny, will get to decide who gets to perform it. Choose carefully, though, because should they fail to save them, you will be forced to make a sacrifice of your own.

KENNY
You're a fucking psychopath.

JOHN
Allow me to demonstrate.

A thin METALLIC ROD slowly comes out from the back of the plexiglass device, aimed directly at Kenny's thumb. It draws nearer, and nearer.

Kenny's bravado quickly starts fading, and he begins screaming and squirming.

KENNY
YOU MOTHERFUCKER! STOP THIS! FUCK YOU!

VIDEO PREVIEW

John is unfazed, all while the others look on in absolute horror.

MARY
Leave him alone!

OLIVIER
Holy shit, holy shit.

LIZ
This is sick.

Liz turns away, not wanting to see the outcome.

The metallic rod gently touches, then PENETRATES Kenny's skin, slowly. He screams in absolute agony, as blood starts pouring out of the wound.

JOHN
Unfortunately for you, fingertips are densely packed with nerve endings. The sensation will no doubt be intense, but the good news is that if you're as good at judging strangers as you claim to be, you won't have to feel this pain again. But should your chosen saviors fail to save the lives of the people on the monitors, or fail to perform the necessary personal sacrifices, the device will continue to demand them... from you.

John adorns a sinister, self-satisfied smile as his words echo through the room.

OLIVIER
You get off on this shit, man?

Kenny, in a mix of wide-eyed rage, pain, and disbelief, watches as the long stick of metal continues to make its way into his flesh.

He violently stomps his foot on the floor and drools fro. The sheer pain.

KENNY
(screaming)
Get fucked, you DEMENTED old sack of SHIT!!

The device finally releases him, the rod still firmly planted deeply into his hand. He falls to the ground, pre-occupied by his horrific injury.

JOHN
Be careful when you make your selections, you'll want to keep in mind that each sacrifice will be harder than the last. And if you run out of fingers, fear not: the blade above you will be there to put you out of your misery.

JACOB
(defiantly)
I don't care what happens, I just want my wife back.

KENNY
Easy for you to fucking say, Jacob!

JOHN
And as you've no doubt seen, Jacob, your wife is the last on the monitors, but don't worry -- she's within reach. Once all other sacrifices have been made, one of you will be chosen to be freed. And if you reach Isabella in time, she'll be able to lend you a hand to help you out of your... predicament.

MARY
What about my husband? You've got to have something to do with this.

JOHN
I admire your dedication, Mary. If you succeed in this game, you too will be given the clarity you seek.

Mary responds with a mix of hope and anger in her voice.

MARY
So it IS you! You did this to him! Tell me now! Tell me where he is!

But John ignores her pleas, and makes his way out of the room -- sliding the door shut behind him.

As soon as he leaves, the room comes alive again.

OLIVIER
How are we supposed to get out of this?

LIZ
He said we have to make sacrifices, what will those look like?

KENNY
Like my fucking hand, I guess.

He holds it up in annoyance, still holding his wrist and inspecting the damage to his thumb.

JACOB
Get it over with. I just want to save my wife.

OLIVIER
I'm not doing this to my hand.

MARY
Do you see any other options? Besides, I don't think we're going to be dealing with the same things. He said the sacrifices would get increasingly difficult. I don't want to know what that might look like.

LIZ
We might not have to, if we're smart.

Liz looks around the room, touching the walls and artwork around her.

JACOB
What are you doing?

LIZ
(still looking around)
Look at those legs. There's something in the pocket. I think it's a cellphone.

Jacob looks over to it.

JACOB
She's right!

Liz takes off her shirt.

LIZ
Everyone, give me your clothes.

KENNY
Slow down, sweetheart. We barely know each other!

OLIVIER
I don't think-

LIZ
(towards Kenny)
Man, shut the fuck up and give me what you've got.

Seeing what Liz is trying to do, everyone begins giving her articles of clothing. Kenny only contributes his tie, others throw their shirts.

Liz gives him an annoyed look, and a beckoning gesture.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Come on.

Kenny groans, and removes his shirt. Looking embarrassed and covering his protruding belly. He balls up the shirt and throws it, but it lands just out of reach, embarrassingly close to Kenny, still.

Liz rolls her eyes and tries to grab it, to no avail. Kenny makes his own attempt to reach it again, but can't.

KENNY
Oh come the fuck on.

LIZ
(mockingly)
I might need the pants, if this isn't long enough.

Liz creates a noose from the other clothes as the group watches intently.

With the newly acquired clothing rope in hand, she makes several throws, hoping to catch the disembodied leg in the noose.

KENNY
(impatient)
Come on, girl. Want me to try?

LIZ
(annoyed)
…Seriously?

She looks over to the balled up shirt that couldn't reach her, and whips it back towards Kenny with the makeshift rope.

She makes a few more attempts, and... finally nails one. The noose is now securely around the disembodied leg's foot. Liz smiles in satisfaction, and begins to pull.

But the leg doesn't move an inch.

LIZ (CONT'D)
It won't budge!

JACOB
Pull harder.

LIZ
I'm telling you, it won't budge! It's like the leg is glued to the ground.

OLIVIER
Let me try.

Liz hands him the rope, looking mildly irritated.

Olivier tries a hard pull, and the clothing rope rips at the end.

OLIVIER (CONT'D)
It's stuck.

LIZ
I told you!

JACOB
This guy knew we'd try this.

Kenny is already putting his shirt back on.

KENNY
Can I get my fucking tie back, please?

They all ignore him.

MARY
Maybe we can try pushing it with something solid.

Jacob looks around, and grabs the piece of stone he was using to hit his chain. He throws it at the legs, but no dice, they're firmly stuck.

VINCE360 PUSAW

The piece of stone bounces and brushes one of the severed hands closest to Mary -- that appendage isn't glued and slides closer to her. The chunk of stone lands at her feet.

We suddenly get another look at the clock on the wall, it's about to strike 3 - the time of the next marking.

Tick...

Tick...

Tick...

Kenny's chain immediately starts pulling him back to the device.

KENNY
No! Not this shit again!

We get another look at the monitors. An overhead light shines a spotlight on the first of the four, where the man is standing in the middle of a room. We hear static from the monitor -- sound is now on.

We move into the room in the monitor.

The man can barely stand, looking exhausted from hanging there for what seems like a long time. He's sweaty, and clearly barely awake. There are restraints coming from the floor and ceiling holding him in place, with his arms tied above his head. His movement is entirely restrained.

Near him is a custom contraption comprised of a vertical rack of blades, all pointed inwards towards the man. The rack appear to be on rails; Rails that surround him and spiral inward.

BZZZZZZT.

The sound of a TV unit turning on in front of the man makes him jump out of his skin. On the monitor, we see the players from the exhibition hall.

MAN
(weakly)
What's going on?

Liz speaks up.

LIZ
(from TV)
Dr. Harper, is that you?

HARPER
Liz? What's happening, why are you doing this to me?

LIZ
I'm not the one-

Liz can't finish her sentence before the monitors in both rooms fill with static. The live feed on both sides now replaced with a creepy vision of The Doll. It slowly turns its head towards the screen.

THE DOLL
Hello Dr. Harper. I want to play a game. For years you've lived a life of service, dedicating your time and resources to becoming a medical professional. But now that you've achieved your dream, you find yourself lamenting the financial burden it put on your shoulders, taking you down a dark road and a downward spiral. Yet, the consequences of that choice were clear from the start, and your own decisions have led you down this path. Perhaps you failed to anticipate the weight this burden would apply to your soul, which caused you to turn your scalpel to your wrists the other day. But just like you signed your life and happiness away to your creditors, today, it is your life itself that will be in the hands of someone else. The device to your left will soon begin to rotate around you, and its blades will, at first, only graze your skin. But if your designated helper in the other room can't make a sacrifice of their own, the blades will be allowed to get close enough to deeply carve into your flesh. You can plead for help to convince them that YOU are worth the price, or for once you can finally prioritize yourself, and force their hand using the button in yours.

As the doll says these words, we get a close-up of a small device with a red button, chained to Harper's right hand.

Will you learn how to put yourself first, or will you die a martyr, refusing to become the oppressor? Live or die, Dr. Harper. The clock is ticking.

The Doll disappears off the screen, and a digital clock turns on above it. 5 minutes to go, and ticking down. On the screen, we're now back to seeing the players in the exhibition hall.

The rack next to Harper activates, and begins slowly moving down the rail, coming terrifyingly close to touching his skin.

HARPER
(yelling)
No no no. Please! Help me!!

Back to the Exhibition Hall.

LIZ
What are we supposed to do!?

She looks over at the sacrifice device next to her, and looks inside it. It's impossible to discern what it'll do, but the various cutting implements within are bone-chillingly suggestive.

MARY
You guys deal with this, I can't do this!

JACOB
Why would it be us? We're all in the same boat!

We cut to Kenny, hand in device, who's staring at the labels over his fingers.

KENNY
He said the sacrifices would escalate.

Kenny looks back at the room, and sees everyone arguing with each other, trying to get out of having to make the first sacrifice. He looks back at the device. Another metallic rod starts to come out, towards his index finger.

KENNY (CONT'D)
FUCK!

Kenny reflexively presses his index finger down, seemingly accidentally selecting Mary.

Mary's sacrifice device whirs on, and the metal-covered hole over it opens slightly, leaving only a small opening. Mary is shocked at the sight of it.

MARY
You picked ME!? You fucking asshole! She just said he's her doctor! She has way greater incentive!

LIZ
Well I don't know if-

KENNY
I didn't mean to!

Mary suddenly begins being pulled by the chain around her neck.

We get another, closer look at the device. Behind the small opening in the front, we see an ominous sliding blade.

On the TV where Harper can be seen, we now see a crude drawing of a severed finger.

JACOB
I think it's clear what needs to be done.

Mary looks at the screen in horror, as we cut back to Harper.

The clock now reads 4 minutes left, and the rack of blades makes its first turn towards Harper.

HARPER
Please! I beg you, help me! I'll give you anything you want!

The rack begins to accelerate, it's now on the outermost layer of the rail spiral. The blades graze Harper's side repeatedly in perfectly spaced lines, covering the entire length of his mid-section. Each blade cutting in the exact same spots.

Harper yelps in pain, and presses the button in his hand.

We cut back to Mary, who's suddenly much more rapidly getting YANKED by the neck, towards the sacrifice device, but threatening to soon hang her by the neck.

MARY
NO, NO, NO!

Harper notices what he caused to happen, and immediately stops pressing the button.

HARPER
I'm sorry!! I'm sorry. I won't hurt you. Please, just help me.

Mary looks over at the screen, and back at the sacrifice device.

MARY
I can't do this.

OLIVIER
Yes, you can! We're here for you, Mary!

MARY
(angrily)
You're not the one who's about to lose a finger!

JACOB
Think of it this way, Mary -- We all have to make a sacrifice here. And you get the easiest! You-

MARY
(cutting him off)
THERE'S NOTHING EASY ABOUT THIS.

We cut back to Harper, who's SCREAMING at the top of his lungs as the rack now reaches the second layer and accelerates yet again, the blades now more deeply penetrating his flesh, blood is dripping down his entire body. Yet, he resiliently refuses to press the button.

HARPER
(desperately)
Please... I need your help.

We cut back to Mary, who's watching the monitor and increasingly panicked.

MARY
OK! I got this. I got this!!

She closes her eyes, and pushes her finger in slowly. We get a close up of her finger from inside the device, it's getting frighteningly close to the blade inside, that's periodically snapping from side to side.

We cut back and forth between the close-up and Mary's face as she pushes in slowly. But at the last second, she pulls back!

MARY (CONT'D)
I CAN'T DO IT! I CAN'T!

KENNY
COME ON, MARY. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE SUFFERING HERE!

Kenny looks down to his hand, the second metallic rod still slowly being pushed towards his index finger.

MARY
SHUT THE FUCK UP! Let me think.

Mary starts putting her finger in again, but notices one of the paintings on the wall next to her has a damaged frame. She looks back at the severed hand on the floor... and the idea hits her.

She removes her hand from the device, and starts pulling at the painting's frame. She looks back down at the floor and grabs the chunk of stone that Jacob threw earlier. She grabs it, and begins whacking at the painting frame.

KENNY
What the fuck are you doing, woman? HURRY!

We cut back to Harper, whose screams never stopped through the ordeal.

The blades are now continuously carving into his skin, the lacerations getting deep. He's still not pressing the button.

We cut to Olivier and Liz, wincing at what's happening. Liz turns to Olivier with tears in her eyes as the screams and chaos resonate in the background.

2:30 left.

We cut back to Mary, who manages to break off part of the frame. She gives a wide-eyed smile as she does, almost surprised that it worked. She turns around and throws herself to the ground, going as far as her chain will allow her, and using the broken piece of frame to extend her reach -- she's trying to get to the severed hand.

She barely reaches it before the chain pulls her away, her range of motion getting tighter by the second.

We cut back to Harper -- The rack now reaching to the next layer of the spiral, the incoming cuts could be fatal.

Meanwhile, the metallic rod begins going into Kenny's index finger. He screams in agony, adding to the chaos.

Back to Mary as we keep cutting back and forth, now -- She gets back on her feet, and-

Her chain gets so tight around her neck, she begins HANGING from it, and choking.

In desperation, she tries to JAM the severed hand's finger into the device, but keeps missing.

A few more tries and-

She jams it in. The finger gets cut CLEAN OFF, and the hand falls to the ground. Mary herself soon follows, gasping for air.

Everything stops.

We cut back to Harper, the rack stops moving, and the blades slowly retract from it, spilling more lacerated flesh and blood onto the floor below.

Harper's chains release him, and he falls to the floor. Shivering and bleeding, but alive.

The metallic rod stops sliding into Kenny's finger.

Mary got to keep hers.

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

But that's short lived.

The rod resumes inserting into Kenny's finger, sending him back into an agonizing frenzy. The pain is vivid, and too much for Kenny. He falls to the ground.

We hold on a shot of the severed hand, on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

We get a close-up of the small plant being watered by Amanda on the bookshelf behind John, who's fixated on the game monitors in the diorama room, past the glass window.

Amanda sits on the bed, looking towards John, almost studying his face.

JOHN
The doctor will need medical attention.

He turns to Amanda.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Will you please check on him?

Amanda nods at him, and walks out of the room.

John's attention turns to Cecilia, who's sitting against the back wall of the diorama room, with her leg shackled by a chain that connects to the black ceramic wall of the room, and ominously, to the pin on the flammable gas tank.

Cecilia's knees are up and her head is buried in them, her hair half obscuring her face.

He presses a button next to his seat facing the window pane, and speakers in the room crackle on.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Welcome back, Cecilia.

Cecilia slowly lifts her head, clearly as irritated as she is shocked.

CECILIA
You really can't get enough of me, can you?

We briefly switch to Cecilia's perspective, and notice the window pane appears darkened from her side; she can't see into the room.

JOHN
Believe me, that's not why you're here.

CECILIA
(mockingly)
I'm guessing you saw my interview. And now I have the great John Kramer shaking in his boots. You want to know what I told them!

John remains silent.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
You're a predictable, pathetic little worm. If you want to know what I told them, go and ask them yourself.

JOHN
What do you like to do with your free time, Cecilia?

Cecilia is visibly taken aback by the question, but retains her mocking tone.

CECILIA
Good wine. Long walks on the beach. Draining delusional old men of all their money and throwing them to the wolves.

JOHN
We all have our hobbies.

Disarmed by the joke, Cecilia scoffs, but maintains her composure.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I thought the part of the interview where you said you felt like dying was interesting.

CECILIA
I know my audience.

John looks to his right, towards the bookshelf.

JOHN
Do you like books, Cecilia? Reading?

CECILIA
I'm a doctor.

JOHN
Yeah, I thought you might. You have quite the impressive collection! Amanda got a look at it when she visited your home.
(beat)
How many books have you read in the last year?

CECILIA
John "Jigsaw" Kramer. Cancer patient. Serial killer. Librarian.

JOHN
One or two?

Cecilia smiles.

CECILIA
Sounds about right.

VINCOO JIGSAW

JOHN
Did you enjoy them?

CECILIA
I love this. Trying to make conversation with the people you hold captive. You know, I think they have social clubs for the elderly. You should try one, you might even make some friends.

JOHN
Fifty-two.

CECILIA
What?

JOHN
That's the amount of books you're likely to read in the rest of your life, if you're lucky.

Cecilia throws her bound hands up, and begins pacing around the room.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Pardon the indiscretion, but you're what... 46? And given life expectancy, you've probably got about 35 years left to live. That's assuming you're lucky enough to stay healthy.

CECILIA
What's your point, Socrates?

JOHN
If you read only 1 or 2 books per year until you die, you're going to read about 52 more until it all goes dark for you. I hope you've been enjoying them, and making peace... with your final chapters.

Cecilia goes silent for a moment, looking genuinely lost in thought. Then, she responds.

CECILIA
(mockingly imitating Jigsaw's gravely voice)
(MORE)

VIC360 JIGSAW

CECILIA (CONT'D)
If you don't write 52 book reports within the next 14 minutes, Agatha Christie's entire body of work will fall from the ceiling and crush your skull. Read or die, make your choice.

JOHN
I'm glad you're having fun. That's important.

We hold on John's face for a moment, he's staring ahead as he talks.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Because when you die, Cecilia, there's no surprise waiting for you. Everything just... ceases. No more books. No more joy. No more pain. No more feeling.
(beat)
There's no relief, no celebration or sense of finality either. You realize experiencing anything is a privilege. Even the worst moments of your existence are preferrable to the cold, infinite void of nothingness.

A few beats pass. Cecilia is silently listening, now.

We briefly see Amanda is still standing outside the room, ear to the door - Listening to them.

Back to John as he laboriously stands up to his feet.

JOHN (CONT'D)
If I were you, Doctor, I'd watch the people on the monitors very closely. You'll need their help later, if you do intend to live through those 35 years.

The camera focuses on the monitors, slowly zooming into one of them, where Dr. Harper is still lying on the floor, bleeding.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - KNIFE GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Harper is on the floor, slowly bleeding out. We see things from his point of view, his blurry vision watches as a pigmasked figure enters the room. The figure ominously approaches him, syringe in hand, and reaches down.

FIGURE
(ominously)
Don't worry, your suffering is about to end.

We recognize the voice as Hoffman's.

Before he can do anything, Amanda walks into the room.

AMANDA
(agitated)
What are you doing?!

We switch to a neutral perspective, getting a more clear view of Hoffman.

HOFFMAN
Helping our guest.

AMANDA
What are you giving him?

Hoffman pushes Amanda away from Harper and follows, reaching just outside the room.

Hoffman takes off the pig mask, and speaks at low volume.

HOFFMAN
Something to make his pain go away.

AMANDA
Permanently?

We're back to seeing through Harper's point of view, vision blurred, Amanda and Hoffman appear as two indistinct figures.

HOFFMAN
Believe me, sometimes death is the best medicine.

AMANDA
That's not how we operate.

We get a close-up of the conversation.

HOFFMAN
You got a better idea? He'll bleed out. Might as well not know what's happening.

AMANDA
John wants us to bring him to the hospital.

We get a shot of Harper, he appears barely conscious.

HOFFMAN
Didn't you learn your lesson? Any of them living puts us all at risk of being found out.
(beat)
Wake up, Amanda. These people don't deserve our clemency.

AMANDA
We have to play by the rules.

HOFFMAN
Cut the bullshit. Fuck the rules. You and I both know you're willing to bend them.

AMANDA
Speak for yourself. I'm telling John about this.

Amanda turns around to leave, but Hoffman grabs her wrist to stop her. He lifts up her sleeve, revealing all the scars underneath it.

HOFFMAN
I really don't care about what your emotional instability makes you do to yourself. But this is about all of us.

AMANDA
We're not murderers.

HOFFMAN
We've been over this.

AMANDA
That's different, he was-

HOFFMAN
What about **Adam?**

VINCERO SAW

Amanda yanks her arm out of his grasp, and takes a step back, staring in disarmed disbelief.

We get quick flashes from *SAW III*, showing Amanda bashing Adam's skull against the toilet in the BATHROOM.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Oh yeah. I know about that.

AMANDA
I don't know what you're talking about.

HOFFMAN
I think you do. So does John.

Amanda turns her head away.

AMANDA
(softly)
You're lying.

HOFFMAN
You should go and ask him.

Amanda pushes him, but he barely budges.

AMANDA
(yelling)
YOU'RE LYING!!

WE TRANSITION TO A FLASHBACK:

INT. INDUSTRIAL BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We find ourselves within the confines of the **INDUSTRIAL BATHROOM**, from *SAW*. It's largely plunged in darkness, only lit by the faint light coming from the open door. We hear a heartbeat, then hear the light switch click on.

BZZZZZZZZZT. The lights come on one by one overhead, illuminating the space.

We find Hoffman tied up on a chair, sweating profusely. He's wearing an open button up shirt. A very foreboding sharp implement is **buried halfway into his chest.**

Adam's fresh corpse has been moved from its original location, and HUNG right in front of him, no longer in restraints. A prominent bloody gash can be seen on Adam's head.

Next to that grisly sight, there's medical equipment on wheels, including a heartrate monitor, all connected to the device penetrating Hoffman's chest.

John is standing by the door, behind him.

JOHN
Did you find fulfilment here, Mark?

Hoffman grunts in pain.

HOFFMAN
(yelling)
What the fuck is going on?!

John responds with a palpably angry tone of voice.

JOHN
Did this help satisfy your undying bloodlust?

HOFFMAN
Where the fuck are we? LET ME GO!

JOHN
I think you know exactly where you are.

HOFFMAN
(yelling)
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME!

John aggressively paces around Hoffman, like a shark having found its prey.

JOHN
I told you how I feel about murderers.

HOFFMAN
I didn't kill ANYONE here! I don't even know where we are!

John leans in close to Hoffman's face.

JOHN
Lets find out.

He grabs Hoffman's head to direct his sight towards the medical equipment.

JOHN (CONT'D)
This device is of my own creation, think of it as a spin on the lie detector. I'm sure you're familiar with those.

He aggressively turns Hoffman's head towards his own chest.

JOHN (CONT'D)
The spear in your chest accurately, and physically determines your heartrate. Answer my questions truthfully, and you have nothing to worry about. But stray from the truth, and the device will sink about an inch deeper into your chest cavity, just enough to cause severe heart haemorrhage. This will lead you to your death in just a few long, agonizing minutes.

John's tone is particularly angry, he appears to revel in describing Hoffman's demise.

HOFFMAN
You're a sick fucking man.

John steers Hoffman's head towards Adam's hanging corpse, then resumes pacing around him.

JOHN
Question number one: Why did you kill Adam?

HOFFMAN
I didn't fucking kill him. I don't even know who he is.

Hoffman stares back at the spear, which moves slightly into his chest.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
(panicked)
My heartrate's high because I HAVE A FUCKING SPEAR IN MY CHEST, YOU FUCKING LUNATIC!!

JOHN
(smirking)
That's an unfortunate disadvantage that you'll have to contend with.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Question number two: What were you doing while Amanda and I were in Mexico?

HOFFMAN
Enjoying some fucking peace and quiet. And doing my job!

JOHN
Question number three: Do you enjoy torturing people?

HOFFMAN
(manic)
Oh you have no idea how much pleasure I'd get torturing you right now.

He looks back down at the spear, it's still worming its way slightly deeper into his chest, but no significant movement.

JOHN
Lets try question number 1 again.

John stops pacing and leans very close to Hoffman's face again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Why did you kill Adam?

HOFFMAN
I didn't!! Did you even ask Amanda? it was probably her! She's fucking crazy. I know she's still cutting herself.

John scoffs.

JOHN
Question number 4.

HOFFMAN
(interjecting)
She's been even worse since you came back from Mexico!! She's still talking about the kid that the doctor killed. You really don't think she could've lashed out at this guy?

JOHN
Question number 4-

HOFFMAN
What'd YOU do to him anyway? Maybe she took pity on him? Didn't want him to suffer worse than death?

John recoils, stands up, and pauses. Hoffman notices he's getting to him.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
It wasn't me. I don't even know who he is. I don't know where I am. Please...

John aggressively PULLS the medical equipment away from Hoffman, ripping the spear out of his chest. Hoffman SHRIEKS in pain.

John plunges a syringe into Hoffman's neck. We slam cut to black.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We're now in Jigsaw's lair from SAW II. Mountains of blueprints, familiar mannequins, and computer monitors litter the room around them.

Hoffman wakes up sitting opposite John, at the desk in the back of the room.

JOHN
I owe you an apology, Mark.

HOFFMAN
Yeah, well you can fuck off.

John nods, accepting the response.

JOHN
You and I have our differences, but I've had my doubts about Amanda's state of mind. She's been consumed by guilt for a long time.

HOFFMAN
Killing people isn't therapeutic to everyone.

JOHN
(annoyed)
We don't kill.

Hoffman stares silently.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Amanda was Jill's patient for years prior to my meeting her. I know how grateful she is towards Jill and I.

HOFFMAN
Grateful that you didn't manage to kill her yet, maybe.

John ignores him and continues.

JOHN
On the night I lost my son- The night he was killed...

John stops himself and pauses for a moment, weighing what he's about to say.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I became aware of Amanda that night. I reviewed security footage of Jill's clinic, when I saw her with Cecil Adams, the man who killed my son.

HOFFMAN
John, I really don't know what you think this is. But to me? It's a business arrangement. Your issues with Amanda... I don't care about them. Just sort them the fuck out, and leave me out of it.

Hoffman stands up and walks away.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ART GALLERY - KNIFE GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda turns away from Hoffman, heading for the exit, but John is now standing by the door, leaning against his fire poker walking stick.

JOHN
Mark, you and I are going to the hospital.

HOFFMAN
I'm not gonna risk being seen driving around with a wanted serial killer.

JOHN
We're going.

AMANDA
I'm coming with you-

JOHN
No.

Amanda looks visibly upset at the sudden rejection.

John turns towards her and clarifies.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Someone has to keep an eye on our guests.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Mark, lets go.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda is sitting on John's bed, crying. She lifts up her sleeve, and after a brief moment of hesitation, begins cutting it with a pocket knife -- betraying her immediate, blissful relief with her reaction.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. FAMILY HOME - TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

A YOUNG GIRL, around 16 years old, is sitting at her desk in her typical teenager's bedroom. She's wearing headphones, listening to loud music and smoking a cigarette. She's scribbling something in a journal. We catch a very brief glimpse of some of her writing:

"I worry about **Claudia.**"

BANG.

A sudden crashing sound, piercing through the loud, diegetic music.

It sounds like glass breaking, and comes from somewhere else in the house.

The girl takes off her headphones and listens. A man is yelling at someone, in another room. A loud argument is happening, we understand her parents are fighting.

MAN
(distant)
You're ruining everything I fucking built for this family!

We hear a woman's cries, as more noise of kitchen apparel crashing to the walls is heard.

The girl barely looks concerned, this is familiar to her. She puts her headphones back on and takes another puff of her cigarette.

The loud screaming continues, and gets louder.

The girl pulls out her yellow cassette player, and increases the volume in response.

More loud crashing sounds pierce through the loud music, followed by screaming, and crying. Then... silence. That gets the girl's attention, she takes off her headphones again and goes still, to listen.

Not a single sound is heard. Then-

The door to her room creaks open. A bruised, badly beaten woman with fresh cuts on her face appears through the crack.

WOMAN
Amanda, are you hungry?

Young Amanda gives her MOTHER a stern look of anger, maybe with a hint of shame.

AMANDA
I'm good.

MOTHER
(softly)
Okay.

Amanda looks her mother in the eyes, as she feels sudden rage overcoming her. The words that come next slip out of her almost on accident.

AMANDA
(under her breath)
You're a fucking coward.

Her mom looks down, visibly shaken by the remark.

MOTHER
(nervously)
There's lasagna in the fridge.
(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I overcooked it a little but it's still good, I think.

The woman begins to close the door, but quickly creaks it open again, a bit wider than before - revealing more of her injuries.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I love you.

Amanda doesn't respond.

Her mother closes the door.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY HOME - TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is quiet now, Amanda is sleeping on her bed. A bit of time has passed.

A sudden, explosive **GUNSHOT** resonates through the home, causing her to jolt awake and sit up on her bed.

Then, some running and stumbling sounds, followed by an ear-piercing cry.

MAN
NO!!!

Amanda quickly gets up to go investigate. She opens the door to her room, the corridor outside of it is pitch dark, and oddly quiet.

AMANDA
Mom?!

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(nervously)
What the fuck was that noise?

No response.

She ventures out.

The following is shown in one, continuous shot.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. FAMILY HOME - STAIRWELL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

GIRL
MOM!? DAD!!

No answer. The house is eerily quiet, now.

She moves towards the stairs, trembling. Her breath unsteady.

The cry seemed to have come from downstairs. As she creeps closer to the source, she notices a light shaft casting a harsh glow below, it seems to be coming from the kitchen. Eerily, it looks like the only source of light on in the home.

She can hear the faint whimpers of her Dad, softly crying below.

She takes a step forward, the floor creaks beneath her feet. She stumbles into a small shelf, breaking a flower pot The sound causes the man to immediately stop whimpering.

MAN
Amanda? Honey?

GIRL
(nervous)
Dad? What's wrong?

FATHER
Don't come downstairs honey, I'll come up.

Amanda immediately starts hyperventilating, the anxiety immediately overcoming her.

AMANDA
(gasping for air)
What- What's ha- happen-ing?

Amanda walks further towards the stairs, catching a glimpse of an awful sight -- **her mother's feet**, lying still on the kitchen floor.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Mom!!

Amanda runs downstairs, toward them.

FATHER
(crying)
GO UPSTAIRS!

As soon as she gets downstairs, she sees something no child should ever have to see. Her mother is lying on the floor, in a pool of her own blood. A gunshot wound to her head, a revolver in her right hand.

Her father is kneeling by her, holding her bloody head.

Amanda leaps to her side.

AMANDA
(crying)
MOM! Mom, no!! Why?? Why why why.

She looks towards her father, his face barely lit by the moonlight peering through the window. In that moment, he looks like a monster.

FATHER
You never fucking listen to me. GO TO YOUR ROOM.

AMANDA
(desperate)
DAD, WHAT HAPPENED? Is she dead? Mom's dead!?

She can barely breathe through the words, she's in full-blown panic. But her father remains still. Motionless.

She rushes to her feet, going for the phone.

Her father grabs her wrist, stopping her. His grasp leaving a bloody print. A burst of manic anger overcomes him.

FATHER
This is your fucking fault.

Amanda's eyes widen. Her face stained with tears. She hiccups from sobbing.

AMANDA
(softly)
Dad, she...

FATHER
We were ***HAPPY!!*** Before you were born.

AMANDA
Dad, Mom needs help.

The man's tone suddenly shifts from open anger to an eerily quieter, yet harsh tone.

FATHER
I built a good life for us. I earned everything we have... I did **everything** right.

Amanda tries to back away, but her father is still holding her. He begins to sob.

AMANDA
We need to call...

Her father looks down at his wife's bloody corpse.

FATHER
(sobbing)
And this is how you repay me. I didn't deserve this. I deserved a better life than this.

He looks over to Amanda.

FATHER (CONT'D)
But you two deserved each other.

We see Amanda's horrified, wide-eyed expression, and-

END FLASHBACK

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

A close-up of Amanda. Still. Lost in thought. She wipes a tear from her cheek.

She looks down at her lacerated, trauma-laden wrist, then towards Cecilia, who's now lying on the floor, sleeping in fetal position.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - NIGHT

We start with an overhead shot, showing the macabre, strange beauty of the decrepit exhibit.

We slowly move in with a circular motion, focusing on Liz, who's lying on the floor with Olivier spooning her.

The room is quiet, in sharp contrast with the earlier chaos. Everyone clearly attempting to sleep.

LIZ
(softly)
Do no harm.

Olivier pokes his head up behind her.

OLIVIER
(whispering)
What?

LIZ
Do no harm. That's what Dr. Harper always said to me. The Hippocratic oath.
(beat)
I didn't expect him to be so true to it.

OLIVIER
What happened to him isn't your fault, Liz.

LIZ
I'm just thinking... maybe I should've continued treatment.

OLIVIER
Liz, the chemo was going nowhere. It was slowly killing you, I saw it.

A beat. Olivier sits up, cross-legged and looks down into his lap.

OLIVIER (CONT'D)
I saw what it was doing to you. Besides, Kenny said-

Liz scoffs, and looks away. Visibly annoyed at the mention of Kenny.

Olivier notices her reaction, and softly grabs her head with his hands. Liz looks at him with teary eyes.

LIZ
You think I can still beat this thing?

OLIVIER
This doctor Kenny interviewed, she can help. I promise you.

We see Kenny, asleep on the floor.

VINCISCO PUSAW

Jacob is also lying on the floor, not far from him.

JACOB
(interjecting)
I don't know.

Liz and Olivier turn to him, they didn't expect him to be awake.

OLIVIER
Sorry?

JACOB
I don't know if Kenny is worth trusting. What Jigsaw said about Kenny being a crook? I sort of lived it-

Olivier and Liz are silent, listening to him. Jacob is fidgeting, rubbing his ring finger, and staring past Liz and Olivier as he talks. But he stops himself dead in his tracks.

JACOB (CONT'D)
The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

LIZ
What? You're not making any sense.

JACOB
Jigsaw said that earlier, talking to Kenny. He said the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. It stuck out to me, for some reason.

OLIVIER
Okay...?

Jacob points at the painting behind Mary, the one she broke the hinge off of earlier. It's a forest of trees.

LIZ
And that one!

Liz points at the one behind Jacob - a fruit bowl with apples in it.

OLIVIER
You guys think that means something?

JACOB
Only one way to find out.

VINCE 360 PRAW

Jacob stands up and begins pulling at the frame of the painting, like Mary did earlier.

Olivier and Liz are looking with great interest, silently cheering him on.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(grunting from the effort)
Come... on!

The dusty frame budges, and finally **cracks**.

The broken piece falls to the ground.

Mary jolts awake from the noise, looking around -- clearly disappointed to find herself in the same room she fell asleep in.

LIZ
Okay! Now what?

Jacob looks back at them, looking for suggestions.

OLIVIER
Tear the canvas?

LIZ
That's paper actually, acrylic is usually-

OLIVIER
(dismissively)
Whatever, the thing. Just tear it!

Jacob obliges

A beat. Behind the fruit bowl, large, painted roman numerals - XI, VIII.

LIZ
We got it.

JACOB
Yeah, but what do we do with that now, love?

Olivier points to the safe next to Kenny.

OLIVIER
Maybe it opens that?

Mary interjects, wanting to join in on the fun.

MARY
What are you guys doing?

JACOB
We're gonna need your help. See that?

He points to the painting he just vandalized.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Do the same to yours.

Mary turns around, and tears the forest of trees painting from its frame.

Behind it, another number: "VII". And a familiar phrase: "X MARKS THE SPOT."

OLIVIER
So, we have a combination.

They all look at each other, realizing they'll need Kenny to put it in.

They try yelling at him.

JACOB
KENNY!

LIZ
WAKE UP!

OLIVIER
WE FOUND A SOLUTION!

Mary stomps her hand against the wall, banging as hard as she can. No help. Kenny's still out cold.

They all resign themselves to waiting for him to wake up.

LIZ
What were you saying anyway? About Kenny?

Jacob sits back down on the floor, back to fidgeting.

JACOB
(softly)
Isabella and I... we'd been trying for a child. For a long-
(beat)
A **really** long time. After a while, I started feeling like I was failing her. It really got to me.
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)
(beat)
I was in a really dark place. I felt her slipping away from me, our life together was crumbling.

We see short, rapid flash frames of Jacob and Isabella together, at first holding each other, then sitting distant from one another.

JACOB (CONT'D)
That's when I found Kenny's blog. I called into his show, looking for advice. He started really blaming her, saying it's more common for women to be infertile than men. I don't think that was true, but it felt good to hear at the time. I was really frustrated. I grew-
(beat)
Resentful.

MARY
(sympathetic)
My husband and I tried for a kid, too. Never got there. It's really hard.

Jacob smiles at her.

JACOB
After a while, I called back for follow-ups, we hadn't even been trying anymore. I think we were both losing hope, and growing distant. Kenny started telling me more stuff - that maybe she was cheating, or didn't love me anymore. In hindsight, I think he was doing it for the show; for the audience's entertainment. But there was something intoxicating about it for me. I could blame her for our struggles.

Everyone is sitting now, except Liz, who's lying with her back against the floor, staring up.

LIZ
Always easier than facing your own failures...

Jacob lets out a long sigh.

JACOB
Right.
(beat)
Eventually, we broke up.

Jacob laughs nervously, and wipes a tear with his sleeve.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I really miss her.

MARY
I'm sure she misses you, too. Very much.

Jacob looks away, seeming afraid to be vulnerable in front of everyone.

OLIVIER
It's not too late. You can have a reunion.

Olivier points towards the monitor, where Isabella lays still, tied to her trap.

Jacob stares towards the monitor, we get a close-up of his face.

JACOB
(under his breath)
God, I hope so.

Liz suddenly startles everyone with an excited yelp.

LIZ
GUYS!

She points up to the ceiling, eyes as wide as can be.

MARY
What!?

LIZ
X Marks the Spot!

The group looks up and all notice the same thing at once -- The square-shaped **skylight** above -- Its frame forms a **perfect X.**

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

A wide shot showing a black van driving through the frame. We move inside.

John and Hoffman are sitting in the front seats of the van, Hoffman is driving. In the back, a bound Dr. Harper is lying on his side, motionless, bag over his head.

HOFFMAN
(annoyed)
I hope you have an exit strategy after this, our little hideout isn't going to last.

John sits in silence.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
It won't be long until the FBI raids every single building you or Amanda have ever had a connection to.
(beat)
Doesn't matter how abandoned, or how loose the connection is. This little stunt? It's only going to accelerate their finding out. Don't expect me to stick around.

John looks out the window, seeming uninterested in the conversation. He changes the subject.

JOHN
The hospital shouldn't be far, now.

Hoffman gives John a look of annoyance, he's clearly frustrated.

HOFFMAN
You and Amanda may not have much at risk here, but I have a career and a whole life ahead of me. You speak of people who don't appreciate their lives, but you're asking me to risk my freedom with this nonsense.

JOHN
It's the next exit.

HOFFMAN
And Amanda has been increasingly volatile, with what happened to that girl in Mexico, I think she's-

John turns his head towards Hoffman, fully attentive now, and seeming rattled by Hoffman's words. He interrupts him.

JOHN
You let me worry about Amanda.

HOFFMAN
I know you see her as your successor. Legacy, or whatever. But the way I see it, she'll bring us all down with her.

Hoffman gives John a quick glance, wanting to see if John's listening. But he's back to looking out the passenger window.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
The reality is that your days are numbered, John. Your little enterprise can't be passed on. And your work isn't work at all. Just because you're in denial about it doesn't mean we all have to be.

John turns away from the window, back to staring at the road ahead.

JOHN
You're quite the judge of character, Detective. But be careful about closing a case too early.

He turns his head to look at Hoffman once again, his eyes piercing through him.

JOHN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You might come to the wrong conclusion.

We hear Jacob grunt over the last few frames of the scene, and-

TRANSITION TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - MORNING

Jacob is aggressively throwing the broken frame part towards the skylight, grunting in the process. He misses, the frame bounces against the ceiling.

Mary, Liz, and Olivier are watching carefully, cheering him on.

MARY
Try again!

Jacob grunts again, and throws it one more time - even harder. And-

A HIT!

The piece of dusty wood hits against the glass and bounces back down. The snow atop it looking heavier. Cracks in the glass appear, everyone is holding their breath.

CRASH!

The glass shatters and comes crashing down below, along with the snow accumulation.

Everyone below ducks and covers their faces, but Kenny's lying body gets the brunt of it.

A mountain of snow hits him all at once. Worse - a **thick shard of glass** plants directly into his upper left cheek, close to his eye.

It doesn't take more to finally wake Kenny up. He jolts awake and SCREAMS, small cuts across his face from the glass. He stumbles up to his feet.

LIZ
Oh, fuck.

MARY
Sorry!! Are you okay?

Kenny looks around, confused and aggressive. Looking for his unseen attacker.

Jacob tries to calm him, holding his hands up.

JACOB
You've been out for a bit, we're trapped here in this room with you. We're trying to get out.

The context helps Kenny come to his senses, he throws his hands up in disappointment and turns back.

Feeling the pain in his face, he explodes.

KENNY
FUCK! What did you guys do to my FACE?

JACOB
We blew up the ceiling - we found a clue.

Jacob points to the ripped painting with the message.

JACOB (CONT'D)
"X Marks the Spot."

He points up at the now-broken skylight.

JACOB (CONT'D)
That's an X.

Kenny looks up at it, holding his face.

KENNY
Okay?? So there's an X. Now what?

Kenny looks up, then looks back at everyone.

He touches the large shard of glass in his cheek, only just now seeming to realize the extent of the damage. He screams again.

KENNY (CONT'D)
JESUS CHRIST.

MARY
(anxiously)
You should probably keep that in there.

But it's too late, Kenny is already pulling it out. It's DEEP in there, and comes out slowly, scraping the lacerated skin as he does. Blood gushing out profusely.

Olivier and Liz wince and grunt, almost like they're both experiencing his pain, second-hand.

Kenny pulls it out fully while continuing to scream, then holds his cheek before he calms down and goes silent.

(beat)

Kenny steadies his breath.

KENNY
Okay... Okay. So what's the plan?

CUT TO:

Moments later, we see Kenny trying various combinations as the rest of the team yells the numbers at him.

Eventually, the safe clicks open.

Kenny peeks inside and pulls out four items.

A **TAPE RECORDER, a SCREWDRIVER, a PHOTO, and a small yellow SKULL,** the later looking like an artisanal keepsake.

Jacob's eyes immediately focus on the skull, he looks interested.

LIZ
What does that mean?

Kenny frantically grabs the screwdriver, and looks at the device responsible for his ailing hand, looking all over.

No screws.

He tries jamming the screwdriver in every hole the box has, to no avail. He throws it to the floor in anger.

KENNY
I'm done with these third grade riddles, just get me the hell out of here!

He drops to the floor, next to the other items. The photo grabs his attention.

He grabs it and holds it up next to Jacob's face from his POV. The photo is of Jacob and Isabella, they look to be on vacation. Isabella's face is crossed out, with a red X.

Kenny flips the photo, showing Jacob.

KENNY (CONT'D)
This you and your wife?

Jacob squints and leans forward to look at it.

JACOB
(surprised and angry)
Yeah. How the fuck did he get that?

Kenny shrugs.

KENNY
Was in the safe.

He flicks the photo his way, Jacob grabs it from the floor, using a piece of the broken statue to extend his reach for it.

He stares at it intently,

JACOB
This is a honeymoon picture. We spent it in Mexico. We were so happy, then.

Jacob's eyes visibly well up.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I miss you, Isabella.

He looks up at the monitor showing her, she's awake now. Yanking at her chains. Jacob's expression changes looking at her. He's visibly angry, but can barely stand to look at her in this state.

He turns his attention to the clock on the wall, a sense of urgency suddenly overtaking him.

The clock reads 10:11.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Assuming those red marks tell us when the next games are, we don't have much time left. Maybe that's all it means.

He flips the picture he's still holding towards the others and taps his finger on the red X on Isabella, then points at the clock with similar marks.

JACOB (CONT'D)
"X Marks the Spot."

He once again looks at Isabella on the monitor.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I need to save her.

We show Mary, who's fixated on the tape recorder that Kenny pulled out.

MARY
Can you play that?

Kenny's attention snaps to her, he follows her gaze towards the tape recorder. He picks it up, and presses play.

Nothing.

He opens it and shows her - it's empty.

Mary rolls her eyes.

MARY (CONT'D)
All this and the only thing we get is fucking jewelry?

She gestures towards the last remaining item - The small yellow skull.

LIZ
What is that, anyway?

OLIVIER
Maybe you can break it open with the screwdriver?

JACOB
(loudly interjecting)
No!

Everyone stops and looks at him.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It's mine.

(beat)

Jacob gestures towards Isabella's monitor. We hone in on it for a moment, and get a close up of the makeshift night table next to her. A similar skull, this time blue, is sitting on it.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It's a souvenir we had custom made for each other by a local in Mexico.
(beat)
Isabella, she liked this latin phrase... "Memento Mori."

We see the group's reactions, they're all visibly confused.

JACOB (CONT'D)
"Remember you must die". It's just a phrase. Isabella was really big on spirituality, so she got those made for us as a gift. A reminder of our mortality, that our time together is limited and not promised.

KENNY
This Jigsaw guy should probably be a fan of hers, then.

OLIVIER
Well...
(beat)

He points at the monitor, showing Isabella crying and yanking her chains.

OLIVIER (CONT'D)
Clearly, not so much.

Jacob acquiesces.

KENNY
You should probably have this, then.

Kenny throws the skull Jacob's way.

Jacob is surprised by the sudden throw, and barely catches it.

JACOB
(angry)
Careful! This is very precious to me.

He looks at it for a moment, then pockets it.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - MORNING

Amanda is sipping on a coffee and fidgeting while staring at the monitors. She looks towards Cecilia through the window. Cecilia is paying them no attention, she's instead pressing her hands against the black ceramic wall, like she's trying to activate a switch.

Amanda scoffs, then stands up and peers through the closed curtains of the only window of the room. John and Hoffman aren't back yet.

She turns again towards Cecilia, who's now facing the window directly. A briefly unsettling sight. Momentarily, she starts KICKING the flammable canister right next to the fireplace.

Amanda approaches the window, and presses both buttons on its edge.

Cecilia recoils.

We get her POV for a moment, the darkened window is now see-through from her side, she can see into the room.

The speaker crackles on again.

CECILIA
It's you.
(beat)
Did the old man croak already?

AMANDA
(annoyed)
I wouldn't try that if I were you.

She points to the big "FLAMMABLE" writing on the canister.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I don't know what they teach you in medical school in Norway, but explosions are pretty bad for you.

Cecilia snickers.

CECILIA
I thought maybe I'd share my skincare routine with you.

Cecilia tugs at her collar, showing the burn scars across her neck.

AMANDA
Funny.

Cecilia's facial expression becomes serious, all of a sudden.

CECILIA
You know, I've been thinking about you a lot.

AMANDA
You're not my type.

CECILIA
(jokingly)
No? I thought you had a way of falling for monsters.

Cecilia gives her a sardonic grin.

Amanda remains stoic.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Listen, I know you care for John. You're a killer little couple, bonding over murders-

AMANDA
(interjecting)
We're NOT murderers.

CECILIA
(laughing)
Ohh, I struck a chord, didn't I?

Amanda just stares back.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
So, I take it it's more of a father-daughter dynamic?
(beat)
You poor thing... I don't know who's worse between the two of us.

The camera circles slowly and gracefully around the two women, crossing between rooms seamlessly, and giving the conversation an oddly intimate feel.

AMANDA
You don't know ***anything*** about me.

CECILIA
I actually think we're a lot alike!
(beat)
I spent my entire childhood looking up to my father, swearing I'd follow in his footsteps.
(beat)
Look where it got me. Maybe you should see that as a cautionary tale.

AMANDA
I don't have a father.

CECILIA
That I can agree with. John certainly isn't that. He's playing you.

Amanda scoffs.

AMANDA
Nice try. You think you're the first person to try this on me?

Amanda adopts a mocking tone.

VIRGO RISAW

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Getting the pooooor, vulnerable girl on your side before the big scary guy comes back?

CECILIA
(smiling)
Am I being that obvious?

Amanda smiles and shrugs, then sits back on the seat, taking a sip of her coffee.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Mine was always very strict with me. In his eyes, I never worked hard enough.
(beat)
I studied, and studied, but he only seemed to get angrier and angrier with me. It's like he simultaneously wanted me to follow his lead, but didn't.
(beat)
Any time I showed promise, or any hint that I could one day surpass him, he put me back in my place.
(beat)
And I defended him **so** hard, so strongly against his detractors. I was his biggest cheerleader. Unconditionally.
(beat)
He never returned that love.

Amanda feigns disinterest by looking away, but betrays herself by turning back; continuing to silently listen.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
When I was in my early thirties, having dedicated my LIFE to following in his footsteps, I realized his detractors were right. His treatment was bullshit. There was no way it could actually work, it was all pseudoscience. I was a real doctor - he wasn't. He was fucking rich, and I **really** wasn't. He never helped me pay for my studies, by the way.

Amanda takes another sip of her drink, absorbed by the story.

Cecilia looks consumed by a mix of rage and sadness, her eyes are welling up, but she quickly wipes them.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I confronted him. As gently as I possibly could. And our whole relationship started unravelling.
(beat)
He hated me.
(beat)
I still can't tell if he truly believed in his own treatment - his lies - or if he knew he was a sham and was just upset that I had found out. Probably the former.
(beat)
And honestly, I don't know what's worse.

Cecilia looks up to Amanda, and smiles.

AMANDA
So let me get this straight.

Amanda puts down her drink, stands, and begins pacing around the room.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(mockingly)
You hate your scammer father, and decided to follow in his footsteps anyway?

CECILIA
I love him, still. That's the worst part. I just realized I'd never be enough for him.
(beat)
As for the "treatments", I simply realized there's a lot more money to be made in pretending to help people than in actually helping them. I paid off my debt. If my father could do it, why couldn't I? And at least I don't delude myself.

Amanda looks away, like the words cut deeper than she expected.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I know what I am, Amanda. Unlike my father.
(MORE)

CECILIA (CONT'D)
(beat)
And unlike yours.

Those words resonate with Amanda. We get a tight shot of her reaction, turning her gaze towards Cecilia.

Cecilia walks closer to the glass pane.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
In truth, I don't think you're a killer, Amanda.

Amanda stands still, looking on in silence. Frozen in place by what she's hearing.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I think you're a victim of a delusional, dangerous, manipulative person. One who sees you as his inferior.
(beat)
I know the type.

Amanda snaps out of her stupor and walks towards the window, getting very close.

AMANDA
You're not the first person to attempt to break me.
(beat)
And you won't be the last.

She presses the two buttons, darkening the window and turning off the speaker.

As soon as Cecilia can no longer see or hear her, she breaks down, sobbing.

WE TRANSITION TO A FLASHBACK:

OVER BLACK:

Parts of previous conversations echo in darkness:

AMANDA (V.O.)
I'm not a killer.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)
Tell that to the guy whose guts you cut out of his chest with this hand.

HOFFMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or Adam.

A quick flash of Cecilia crushing Gabriela's skull, from *SAW X*.

A quick flash of Amanda's mom, lying motionless in a pool of her own blood.

FATHER (V.O.)
This is your fucking fault!

FATHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You killed her!!

THE LAST WORDS ECHO, AS WE CUT TO:

INT. CLAUDIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CLAUDIA, a 17 year old goth girl is lying flat on her bed. She's staring up at the ceiling.

Soon after, teenage Amanda crashes down on the bed next to her, also staring upwards.

CLAUDIA
This stuff is amazing.

AMANDA
Yeah.

Both look a little out of it, either drunk or on some kind of drug. Claudia a little more so.

We get a side view, with Claudia in the foreground. Amanda turns to her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Claudia, your family's so nice for hosting me, after what happened. I really don't know how to thank them.

CLAUDIA
Are you kidding me? It's the least we can do. You're basically-

Claudia catches herself, and revises:

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
-ARE my sister, Mandy.

Amanda grabs her hand. They stare at each other for a time, taking in the moment.

Claudia smiles, and eventually sits up on the bed.

We catch a glimpse of syringes on the night table.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
(excitedly)
And for the next couple weeks, we have this whole house to ourselves!

She grabs and shakes a nearly finished bottle of rhum, and takes a swig directly from it.

She passes it to Amanda, who smiles at her and does the same.

They put on some music, and begin dancing.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLAUDIA'S HOUSE - LATER

Lights in the room are now off, both girls sleeping, or attempting to.

AMANDA
(whispering)
Claudia, are you awake?

She's staring up at the ceiling, in the same bed. We hold on the overhead shot, only showing Amanda in frame.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I can't sleep. I never can, anymore.
(beat)
I keep thinking about my Mom.
(beat)

She turns towards Claudia, we see from her POV.

Claudia appears asleep, her head turned away from Amanda.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
It's just so hard to-

Amanda notices a wet patch on Claudia's pillow.

She nudges her a bit, then shakes her.

No response.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
CLAUDIA!

She turns her over.

The horror. Claudia is foaming at the mouth. She's overdosing. Unconscious.

Someone she loves is dying.

IT'S HAPPENING **AGAIN**.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - LATE MORNING

We're back with Amanda in the recovery room. She's leaning against the bookshelf near the entrance, hardly able to contain her emotions.

She slams her hand against the bookshelf, the plant she was watering earlier tips over and cracks.

She looks towards the clock in the room.

We get a close-up as it ticks towards 11:00.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - LATE MORNING

A matching close-up shot of the clock in the exhibition room, it ticks on to exactly **11:00**, where the next red mark is.

As soon as it does, speakers blast on in the room, and a crude drawing of a cartoon arm appears, drawn over the live feed of the second monitor.

The players all look towards it.

LIZ
This shit again.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S GAME ROOM - LATE MORNING

We finally get a full view of the predicament Mary's brother-in-law is in.

This is **RICHARD**, a rugged man in his early 50s, with tired eyes and a long, unkempt beard.

He sits in an old, discarded Victorian-era wooden chair with armrests, all in a dimly lit dungeon-like room.

Behind him is a shotgun attached to a support arm hanging from the low ceiling, and aimed squarely at his head.

Staged almost theatrically in front of him is a mechanical contraption hanging from a large metal stand.

It looks almost like a machine you'd see at the optician, but with all medical qualities stripped away, and what looks like a motor attached instead.

In lieu of goggles one would plant their face into are two handles with buttons on them, attached to a large, horizontal band of what looks like dirty, rusty **sandpaper.**

A TV Monitor blasts on in the upper right corner of the room, ahead of him. It startles Richard, who had long gone quiet from sitting there in the dark for so long.

THE DOLL
Hello, Richard. I want to play a game.
(beat)

RICHARD
(Panicked)
Please no, not me. I never asked for any of this. I didn't do anything wrong!

THE DOLL
For years you've lived in the shadows, content to spend your life in solitary quietude, away from the responsibilities that come with having a family.
(beat)
However, your cowardly tendencies have driven you away from your loved ones when they needed you most - When your brother disappeared, you willingly did the same. Your family reached out to you for support, but you refused to show yourself, preferring to scrub yourself from their lives.
(beat)
(MORE)

THE DOLL (CONT'D)
But I ask you, Richard: how long can you turn away from this harsh reality? How long will you remain unable to face the difficulties of accompanying them in their grief?

We briefly cut away to show Richard's horrified reaction, and everyone in the Exhibition Hall attentively watching the same tape.

THE DOLL (CONT'D)
You've become a faceless shadow of a person, leaving a gaping hole in the lives of those who care about you most.
(beat)
Today, I give you the opportunity to truly erase yourself, to scrub your physical self away. That is, if others decide you're as unimportant as you believe you are.
(beat)
In one minute, the shotgun behind you will go off, causing your sad and pathetic life to end.

A digital clock showing a 01:00 timer turns on just below the screen, startling Richard.

The monitor briefly cuts away from the doll, showing the players in the Exhibition Hall in a live feed.

THE DOLL (CONT'D)
Fortunately for you, today you will have to opportunity rely on others to save you. The people in this room will have to choose to make a sacrifice of their flesh, in order to save you.

The Doll comes back on the feed.

THE DOLL (CONT'D)
To give them enough time to make the decision before your timer runs out, I'm offering you a choice.
(beat)
It's easy - All you have to do is hold the buttons on the handles of the device in front of you. For as long as you can keep it up, your timer will pause, giving the people in the room time to decide if you're worth saving.

Jigsaw lets out a brief, sinister laugh.

THE DOLL (CONT'D)
Live or die, Richard. Make your choice.

The TV feed permanently switches to the Exhibition Hall feed, and speakers allow both sides to hear each other.

RICHARD
Please! Save me!

The timer starts ticking. 0:59... 0:58...

Back in the Exhibition Hall, Kenny's sacrifice picker device lights up again.

Kenny immediately looks to Mary.

KENNY
You said he's your brother-in-law, right?

MARY
(nervously)
Yes, but I barely know him! Please. I've already done this...

KENNY
Sorry, Mary. This one's yours.

MARY
What? You fucker!

Kenny presses Mary's button with no hesitation, but-

Nothing happens. Her button isn't lit up, like the others.

LIZ
She already went, it's up to another one of us.

Mary breathes a sigh of relief.

The rest of them all look at each other, perplexed.

RICHARD (FROM MONITOR)
(panicked)
Fucking help me! Please!

The timer is still ticking down: 0:29... 0:28.

We're back with Richard, whose hands are trembling. He's looking at the timer, sweating profusely. Eyes open much wider than before. Sweat is dripping down his beard.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
What happens when I press these!?

We get an ominous shot of the sandpaper strip, suggesting the outcome.

Richard hesitates, then aggressively grabs the handles and presses them, SCREAMING.

The timer immediately freezes, and the sandpaper strip, along with Richard's hands, begin violently and mechanically moving side to side, in a robotic fashion.

The motor has activated, and Richard's hands are being pulled closer and closer to his face.

This device will **scrub his skin clean off his face.**

Upon realizing, Richard immediately pulls his hands off.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
NO! I'm not doing this! This is crazy! Fucking crazy!!

Back to the Exhibition Hall.

LIZ
Just pick me. I'll do it.

OLIVIER
Not a chance in hell, are you crazy? Why should it be you?

LIZ
Just let me do this, I got it. I don't want another man's death on my conscience.

KENNY
You're not gonna have to beg!

Kenny turns quickly towards his device.

OLIVIER
STOP!

Kenny stops just short of pressing the button.

OLIVIER (CONT'D)
Pick me. I'll do it.

VINCOO PASAW

LIZ
Olivier, no. It should be me.

OLIVIER
She has cancer!

Back to Richard. The clock now reads 10 seconds left.

He's trembling, the sandpaper now an inch away from his face, but he grabs the handles again.

They activate, at first moving side-to-side slowly, but quickly ramping up to full, devastatingly high speed.

We get a close-up as the sandpaper makes contact with his face.

Richard SHRIEKS in pain, the scraping of the skin sounding like the most horrifying sound, like nails on a chalkboard but worse, **much** worse.

Blood starts POURING down the paper, bits of flesh and blood all accumulating into his beard, and dropping into his lap.

Richard is screaming non-stop, muffled by the sandpaper itself.

The camera rotates around him rapidly, conveying his sense of panic.

Soon, Richard can't take it anymore, and lets go of the handles.

The timer starts ticking again.

Back to the Exhibition Hall.

OLIVIER (CONT'D)
You're not going to inflict more pain on her than she already has to go through. Pick me!

Kenny looks towards Liz, as Jacob cowers in the opposite corner, happy to stay out of it.

KENNY
Sorry, kid. He makes a compelling argument.

LIZ
No, no, NOOO!

Kenny SLAMS his hand into the sacrifice device, and pushes down on Olivier's button.

His chain immediately activates, pulling him by his neck. their shared sacrifice device's frontal hole opening up much wider, this time large enough to insert an **arm**.

Back with Richard. His timer down to its last seconds.

His face is **mangled**, the skin on his face is almost entirely gone, showing bits of bone and muscle, his eyes appearing to unnaturally budge out of their sockets.

RICHARD
FUCK YOU!

He screams again, and presses the handles, pausing the timer again.

This time the machine doesn't even seem to ramp up. It directly goes to full speed, moving his hands quickly and robotically as he scrapes the last bits of skin off his face and screams bloody murder.

Back in the Exhibition Hall, we get a view from inside the sacrifice machine's hole.

Olivier is peering in, we see a surgical looking small blade at the top of the hole, slicing from left to right.

OLIVIER
This thing's gonna slice my whole arm off.

LIZ
Olivier, you don't have to do this. I can still do it myself.

MARY
Wait, the hand!

Mary grabs the severed hand from earlier, and throws it to Olivier. He catches it.

He looks at the hand, then at the hole, horrified by the implication.

But it seems better than using his real arm. He inserts it in.

The machine slides through the hand, **slowly**, until it's completely sliced through.

But nothing happens.

They look back at the monitor, showing Richard still maniacally scrubbing his face off, with the overlay of the severed arm.

JACOB
We'll have to play by the rules.

Olivier looks towards Liz with pure fear in his eyes.

OLIVIER
I love you.

LIZ
I love YOU!

Liz kisses him.

It doesn't do much to relieve Olivier's stress. He slowly turns towards the machine and looks at the slicing blade again. Pure panic on his face.

But he resigns himself, and THROWS his arm in. Immediately, he screams in pure agony.

We get a close-up of his arm, the blade slowly slicing through, cutting through his skin.

Olivier violently PUNCHES the machine over and over with his other arm, screaming in pain and wincing.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(crying)
I love you so much.

Mary is looking away and covering her face, unable to look.

This continues for several agonizing seconds, until Liz snaps, and PULLS Olivier back from the machine.

OLIVIER
FUCK! FUCK!

Olivier screams even louder, the blade having dug about a third of the way into his arm, Liz's pulling only caused his skin to peel, his arm starting to **deglove.**

LIZ
(crying)
I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry. Holy fuck. Olivier! I'm sorry.

Realizing her mistake, she stops pulling.

Back to Richard. He's nothing but a bloody mess, now. His arms, beard, lap and hands all covered in a hodge-podge of blood, bone, and pulp.

His screams begin to fade, as does his grip on the handles. He **faints** from the sheer pain.

0:03... 0:02... 0:01...

BOOM.

The shotgun goes off, painting the machine and wall ahead with blood and brains. Richard is no more.

And back in the Exhibition Hall, Olivier's suffering is cut short. The blade stops, and releases his arm.

He lets go a final, horrific scream as he pulls out.

OLIVIER
MY FUCKING ARM!!

The blade sliced into it about halfway.

Olivier collapses to the ground.

Liz rips her sleeve off with her teeth, and immediately puts Olivier's arm in a tourniquet.

LIZ
Shhh. You're okay! You're okay.

Olivier eventually calms down under Liz's care.

After a few beats, he manages to smile at her, as she nearly lays on top of him now.

Liz smiles back, and kisses him.

LIZ (CONT'D)
That was pretty sexy.

Olivier, still sweating profusely, starts to laugh, but immediately winces in pain, and grabs his arm.

Mary looks over to the monitor, seeing the carnage left by Richard's fate.

MARY
We couldn't save him.

As if her words were a harbinger of what comes next, Kenny's chain begins pulling him towards his own sacrifice machine again.

In a last-ditch attempt to save himself the pain, Kenny grabs the screwdriver he discarded on the floor earlier, and attempts to jam it into the gears of the machine.

No luck, the screwdriver just bends under their pressure, and falls into the plexiglass device itself, now unrecoverable.

Soon, another **metallic rod** gets slowly inserted into his middle finger. His horrific screams of pain filling the room.

KENNY
FUCK THIS! FUCK THIS!
I did what I was supposed to do!!

JACOB
But he didn't survive.

Kenny, now with three of those needles planted firmly into his hand, doesn't take kindly to the remark.

KENNY
(sarcastically)
I hadn't noticed, jackass!

Jacob ignores that, instead turning once more to Isabella's monitor.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - LATE MORNING

Amanda is still sitting alone in the room, watching the monitors, when -

The door clicks open, Hoffman walks in with John, sitting in his wheelchair. John is donning his iconic black and red **Jigsaw robe**.

AMANDA
(worried)
How did it go?

JOHN
We dropped Dr. Harper off at the hospital.

Hoffman stays silent, and hurriedly walks out of the room - grabbing the fire poker in the process.

(beat)

AMANDA
And Mark?

JOHN
About as thrilled about it as you'd expect.

He smiles.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And our players?

AMANDA
They just failed the second test.

John turns to the monitors.

A few beats pass.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(nervously)
John, there's something I meant to ask you.

JOHN
Anything.

AMANDA
You said we don't change people, that we only reveal their nature. How does that translate to helping them?

John hesitates, but looks almost as if he had anticipated the question, maybe feared it.

JOHN
Sometimes, people don't know who they truly are, what they're capable of, until we show them.

AMANDA
What about me?

JOHN
What *about* you, Amanda?

Amanda turns to stare directly at John as she clarifies.

AMANDA
(eyes welling up)
My test, what did it reveal about me?

VIC360 PUSAW

JOHN
Your resilience. Your survival instinct. It showed you how strong you are.

AMANDA
Strong enough to plunge a knife into an innocent man's stomach?

JOHN
He was a drug addict, and a drug dealer, Amanda. He was already going to-

AMANDA
I was an addict too, John.

John grimaces, and looks away. His eyes glassy, like the veil of empathy just left him.

JOHN
And that wasn't in your nature. Wasn't who you truly were. I showed you that.

AMANDA
And what I did to Adam. Does it show what's in my nature, too?
(beat)

JOHN
I don't know what you're saying.

AMANDA
I think you know exactly what I'm saying.

JOHN
Amanda, you're a strong, resilient person. And the perfect person to carry on our legacy.

AMANDA
And what legacy is that? Shoving people's flaws in their faces? Letting them be defined by them until their last breath?

Amanda is fidgeting with her pocket knife, but her anger makes her cut herself on it as she speaks.

JOHN
No, Amanda.

VINCSOO PASAW

Amanda breaks down, her voice cracks and she begins openly crying.

AMANDA
Why do we kill people?

She gives John a look of disgust, and anguish.

JOHN
That is *not* what we do. And you know that.

AMANDA
People die in these "games". What the fuck would you call it?

JOHN
They make their own choices. Based on their true nature.

AMANDA
(sobbing)
So they deserve death?

John raises his voice, now palpably, very angry.

JOHN
DESERVE?

John scoffs.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I don't know what you think life is like, Amanda, but it's never about what one *deserves*. I built my life with great purpose. I did everything right. I helped people, built a career. A family. But it all came crashing down with this disease. **Everything** was taken away from me.

We briefly show Amanda's wide-eyed, shocked expression. She gets a brief flashback of her father kneeling by her mother's corpse, decades ago, echoing similar words.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Life isn't about what we fucking deserve, Amanda. It's about who we **are**, how we act with the cards we're dealt. And when people show you who they are-
(beat)

VINCI360 DRAW

He hesitates for a moment, catching himself raising his voice, betraying his anger. But soon, the remaining thin veil of empathy falls from his face. He's **Jigsaw**, now. His voice is trembling with anger as he speaks, with rare honesty.

JOHN
When people show you this careless, utter disrespect for everything they've been given. When they turn a blind eye to every good card they've been dealt. When they show you how ***UNWORTHY*** they are of this... gift, of their life. Tell me... **why is it they should have it at all?**
It's not about what we deserve, **it's about what we earn.**

Amanda stands up suddenly, images of her father once again flashing before her eyes, as blood from her hand drips onto the floor. She's been squeezing her pocket knife at the blade.

She looks at John differently, with a newfound disgust. Something has shifted within her.

She walks out of the room.

John doesn't look at her, instead looking down, seeming almost disappointed. He understands it wasn't what she wanted to hear.

INT. ART GALLERY - CORRIDOR - LATE MORNING

Amanda locks the door behind her, and begins a determined march down the corridor. Tears, but also determined anger, are both vividly present on her face.

We follow her on her path.

She soon reaches the door to the Exhibition Hall. She unlocks it, and slides it open.

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - LATE MORNING

It's snowing indoors, now.

The blizzard outside pouring through the broken skylight. It gives the room a certain tranquillity, heavily contrasting with the earlier chaos.

Everyone turns to Amanda as she opens the door. Kenny and Olivier both attempt to reach out to her with their hands, hoping to grab her, but she's out of reach.

KENNY
It's you! You're her! Bitch, how can you help this guy? Get us out of here!

OLIVIER
You see what you did to my fucking arm?

JACOB
Please, are you gonna help us out of here?

LIZ
Don't think so, Jacob.

Amanda ignores them all, instead heading straight for the safe next to Kenny.

They all stare at her.

KENNY
What are you doing?

She reaches in, and reaches her arm upwards inside, like she's trying to find something by feeling it out. And...

CLICK.

Amanda presses something inside the safe, and a **secret door** opens up, close to Mary's position. They all turn towards it, seeing the wall recede into itself.

Behind the wall is Cecilia, it's the diorama room she's been in this whole time. She looks as surprised as everybody else.

A beat.

KENNY (CONT'D)
You're telling me we missed that this whole fucking time?

CECILIA
What now?

Amanda walks into the diorama room, facing Cecilia.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
It's nice to see you again, Amanda.

Amanda pulls out her pocket knife, Cecilia recoils slightly in fear, as Amanda slowly brings herself close to her face, knife in hand.

AMANDA
(softly)
You were right.

CECILIA
(surprised)
What?

AMANDA
I'm letting you go.

Amanda turns towards the rest of the room, and speaks louder.

I'm letting you all go!

CECILIA
So I take it I did get to you?

Amanda uses the pocket knife to begin cutting at the rope.

Everyone in the room looks at what's unfolding with great interest.

OLIVIER
Wait, so we're free? We can go?

Amanda keeps frantically cutting the rope. Looking up at the darkened window pane with a real sense of urgency.

AMANDA
We don't have much time.

CECILIA
You're doing the right thing.

LIZ
Please, can you let us all go?

Kenny lets out a yelp of excitement.

KENNY
(hopeful)
And get these fucking needles out of my hand!

Cecilia watches intently as Amanda finishes cutting the rope.

Soon, it snaps in half, freeing Cecilia's hands.

Amanda puts down the knife, crouching down and pulling out a key from her pocket, using it to free Cecilia's leg from her shackles.

Cecilia sits down to get on Amanda's level.

CECILIA
Thank you. I was clearly right about you.
(beat)
You're not a killer...

Amanda unlocks the shackle.

A beat

CECILIA (CONT'D)
...But you do have a way of falling for monsters.

Cecilia **STABS** Amanda in the shoulder with the pocket knife, and immediately grabs the open shackle, closing it on Amanda's leg.

Amanda **shrieks** in pain and rage.

She stands up, pocket knife in hand, holding it up at Amanda.

She backs away, slowly, now finding herself in the Exhibition Hall proper.

KENNY
(excitedly)
Oh, fuck! That was badass!
(beat)
Ok, Cecilia. Now free us.

MARY
That key!

Cecilia continues to slowly back away from Amanda, soon taking in her surroundings.

LIZ
Hey! Free us now.

OLIVIER
Yeah, we gotta go before the other one comes in.

Amanda is YELLING at the top of her lungs in the diorama room. Pure anger and frustration.

JACOB
Come on! We don't have much time.

Cecilia looks at Liz, and throws the pocket knife and key her way.

CECILIA
I guess you need these more than I do.

She walks out of the room, leaving them all behind.

Everyone screams at her, in disbelief that she left without helping them.

JACOB
Ok, use that key.

Liz doesn't need more convincing, she grabs the key and immediately attempts to unlock her shackles.

It's no help. The key doesn't fit.

The air of disappointment and despair is palpable in the room.

KENNY
Wait, pass that around.

Liz obliges, first giving the key to Olivier.

No luck.

He passes it on to Mary, each person taking turns trying it.

No help. All of their shackles simply won't open from it.

KENNY (CONT'D)
(desperate)
What the fuck is wrong with her? She could have had us all out of here!

Jacob is fixated on the clock.

We get a shot of it, it's ticking up to **11:30**, the time of the next red mark.

This time, all monitors in the room switch to a feed showing the doll.

Everyone turns their attention to them.

THE DOLL
Hello Kenny. Welcome to your final test.
(beat)
The rules are simple, your aim in this game is to select one subject to face one final trial, a test that'll lead them to the last two players.

As the doll says these words, two of the monitors temporarily switch back to show the diorama room (now occupied by Amanda), and Isabella, still in her trap.

THE DOLL (CONT'D)
(beat)
But be warned, only one subject can face this test. And choose carefully - in order to release this subject, one of you will have to suffer one last sacrifice of your flesh.
(beat)

The doll lets out its iconic cackle, as the monitors now all display an overlay of a crude drawing of a leg.

Jacob's eyes widen as the overlay appears.

THE DOLL (CONT'D)
So who will it be, Kenny? Who will you entrust with your fate in their hands? Make your choice.

The doll disappears from the screens, giving way to the diorama room and Isabella feeds once more. On the previous two monitors, there's now a countdown: 2 minutes. 1:59... 1:58...

KENNY
I have to choose! I have to choose!! Any volunteers?!

JACOB
It's my wife... I want to go save her.

He looks on to Liz, a mix of fear and guilt in his eyes.

Liz turns to Olivier, almost to ask for permission.

OLIVIER
No... no way, it doesn't have to be you.

Liz immediately nods as he speaks, a sense of sadness, responsibility and fate intertwining in her mind.

LIZ
It does, Oli...
(beat)
It does have to be me.

A tear rolls down her face.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(crying)
I have to do this, then you can all be free.

OLIVIER
(crying)
No. It'll kill you. I don't... WANT... this. Are you kidding me? After all you've been through, it can't...

LIZ
I'm dying, Oli...

OLIVIER
(angry)
No! No you're not. This Cecilia Doctor, she can save you. She can-

LIZ
She doesn't seem all that capable of doing that to me.

OLIVIER
You don't know that! She could-

KENNY
Guys, there's no time left.

Jacob looks on, his stress is palpable.

JACOB
She's pregnant.

Everyone goes silent for a moment, and look at Jacob.

JACOB (CONT'D)
She's pregnant. With my child. I thought we couldn't for the longest time but... I was wrong.
(beat)
She came to me, excited to share the news...
(MORE)

VINCENT PYSAW

JACOB (CONT'D)
(beat)
But I was too broken by then. I rejected her, Kenny poisoned my mind he... he made me think she had to have cheated on me.
(beat)
I saw the pregnancy as confirmation of that. And I rejected her.

He turns to Isabella's monitor once more.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I wish I hadn't.
(beat)
I have to make things right.

Liz turns once more to Olivier, tears in her eyes.

KENNY
That's a cute story, but we're running out of time.

The timer on the monitors is down to the final 10 seconds.

LIZ
Oli, it's okay. I want to do this.

OLIVIER
No!

KENNY
Sorry kid, she gets tiebreaker.

Kenny jams his hand into the device once again, this time pressing Liz's button.

OLIVIER
No, NO, NO!!!

Jacob's restraint suddenly SNAPS open. He has full ability to move around.

But Liz's device doesn't activate. Everyone sits in stunned silence, for a moment.

KENNY
See? I made the right choice! It was the right choice!

As soon as he says that, the timer resumes its ticking, this time with an arrow pointing to the diorama room, just past the secret door, on the monitors.

0:05... 0:04... 0:03...

JACOB
FUCK!

Jacob RUNS through the door, and barely makes it in. It slams shut behind him.

He can now be seen on the monitor for the diorama room, along with Amanda, who's sitting in fetal position in the corner of the room.

Immediately after, Liz and Olivier's device clicks to life. The frontal hole opens up wider than ever before, it can now fit an entire leg.

The chain that binds Liz starts pulling her.

OLIVIER
FUCK! FUCK! Liz, you can't do this, you WON'T do this!

He grabs and shakes Liz, who's silently crying, resigned to her fate and letting the chain drag her.

Soon, they start **wrestling** as the chain pulls her towards the machine.

Amidst the chaos of all this, Mary is barely paying attention, taken by her plexiglass device instead.

She notices a small tape within it. Unreachable. But there's a screw next to it.

She looks at the screwdriver, bent out of shape, and locked within Kenny's own device. A missed opportunity.

Back to the wrestling couple.

Olivier eventually overpowers Liz, rolling on top of her, holding her against the ground.

LIZ
Oli. I love you so much.

OLIVIER
(sobbing)
I love you too!

LIZ
You have to let me go. Let me do this for you. I want to.

OLIVIER
We were gonna be so happy, together.

LIZ
I was. I am.

OLIVIER
I can't go on without you.

LIZ
You can; I know you can.

The chain tightens on, with Olivier being dragged along on top of her. Both of them now very close to the opening of the device. A decision will have to be made.

OLIVIER
(sobbing)
I know I can't.

LIZ
I'm sorry, Oli.

OLIVIER
Don't be sorry.

LIZ
I'm sorry... for this.

Liz SLAMS the pocket knife into Oli's shoulder. The shock causing him to fall from over her.

He looks at her, wide eyed, as he pulls the knife from his shoulder and throws it.

The knife lands close to Mary.

Liz wastes no time, she jams her leg into the device's opening.

It immediately CLAMPS onto her leg with its sharp, blade-like expandable opening.

Like a monster's mouth gnawing on her flesh.

Liz lets out a haunting screech, as her trapped leg starts tearing.

OLIVIER
No!

He leaps to her, helplessly trying to figure out what to do.

He quickly realizes there's nothing to be done.

VHC360 SAW

OLIVIER (CONT'D)
(panicking)
Why did you do that!?

Liz looks at him, grimacing and wincing in pain, barely able to speak, or even breathe.

LIZ
(talking through the intense pain)
I... had... to.

She puts her hand on his face.

Olivier takes off his shirt, and uses it to tourniquet her leg.

The device clamps further into her leg, the sound of flesh and muscle being crushed by the blades is almost too much to bear.

Kenny winces and looks away. Liz's chain keeps pulling on, and eventually starts to hang her, with her leg still in the machine. Olivier panics, lifting her up so she can breathe.

OLIVIER
FUCK! That's not fair! No!!

We get a shot of Jacob in the Diorama room, the sounds of screams temporarily muffled from the change. He's seeing this all unfold through the monitor in the room.

He turns his attention to Amanda, who's still shellshocked, sitting in the corner.

JACOB
What do we do next?

No answer.

Jacob's attention snaps back to the monitor.

Back in the Exhibition Hall, the screams get louder once again.

Olivier is still holding Liz up, struggling. She screams in pure agony.

OLIVIER
(panicked)
I'm sorry! What can I do?

Liz is sweating, visibly weakened by the trial.

She looks helpless.

We hear a loud SNAP. The device finally having cut through the bone, its opening is now shut once more. And with that, her collar restraint releases her, she suddenly falls back, but Olivier catches her.

Liz's eyes widen from the shock, she looks at her bloody stump and screams even louder than she has been.

Simultaneously, the timer on the monitors resets, now at 5 minutes.

INT. ART GALLERY - DIORAMA ROOM - NOON

We get a brief shot of the diorama room, the black ceramic plate now beginning to glow with a faint, red color.

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - NOON

Back in the Exhibition Hall, Liz turns around to face Olivier.

She's shaking, sweating, and bleeding from her wound. Her leg has been gnawed off at the **thigh,** the tourniquet barely slows the bleeding.

LIZ
(weakly)
I love you.

We see Mary's still preoccupied with her plexiglass box, and Kenny still stuck with his hand in his own device.

Back to a focus on Liz, her attention suddenly shifts to what she sees behind Olivier. A surprise she wasn't ready for.

The camera swerves to reveal what she's looking at:

A giant **shadow of an X** is now cast squarely in the center of the floor.

We get a shot of the clock, which now reads 11:59.

Now that the sun is directly overhead, the frame of the skylight is projecting that perfect shadow of an X.

Liz points to it.

LIZ (CONT'D)
X Marks the Spot.

Olivier turns around, seeing what she sees, and looks at her with wide eyes.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(shocked)
The lump in the pocket.

We see quick flash frames of the lump she'd noticed earlier, in the pockets of the disembodied legs at the center.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I can reach them, now.

KENNY
That's it! And call for help!

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - DIORAMA ROOM - NOON

Jacob is looking at the black ceramic wall, he briefly touches it, and burns himself. He holds his hand in pain.

He looks back towards Amanda.

JACOB
What am I supposed to do with this?

Amanda doesn't respond. And suddenly - we hear a crackle, the speakers are coming on.

CECILIA (THROUGH SPEAKERS)
I want you to see this.

A sudden wave of terror washes over Amanda, as she realizes what's happening.

She stands, and fixates the opaque window.

The darkened window pane suddenly goes clear, Cecilia is standing past it, blood on her face.

She's holding a crowbar, one dropping with blood.

Behind her, a **bloody**, **bruised, defeated** John lays on his side, on the floor next to his wheelchair. He looks to be barely conscious.

Amanda's heart sinks, an unimaginable feeling of anger, despair, and sadness overwhelming her.

She yells, so loudly it causes Jacob to cover his ears.

AMANDA
(yelling)
No! Leave him alone!

Cecilia smiles.

Amanda repeatedly bangs her hands against the window pane, to no avail.

CECILIA
I didn't want you to miss this.

She turns towards John, crowbar in hand. And resumes violently beating him with it.

Amanda is in a fit of pure rage, she's become something else as she watches on, horrified.

Jacob tries to put his hand on her shoulder, but she violently pushes him away. Then-

She goes eerily silent, and turns around. Facing Jacob.

Jacob is holding his hand up reflexively, to defend himself.

JACOB
Wh- what?

Amanda grabs him, and pushes him against the now bright red, burning hot ceramic surface to her left.

Its heated-up surface now displays a message:

"YOUR WAY OUT"

Jacob lets out a shrill scream as his skin sizzles and crackles, like eggs in a frying pan.

Amanda presses harder, pushing with all her might. Jacob's cheek is pressed firmly against the surface, his skin melting and melding with the ceramic.

We see the wall budge, it's moving, like a very heavy **door.**

As it moves, we get a closeup of the flammable gas tank in the room, the thin wire at the top seeming to tighten in combination with the wall moving.

Amanda keeps pressing on, completely pancaking Jacob against the wall as Cecilia continues to beat John to a bloody pulp in the background.

Eventually, Amanda succeeds, the door finally moves, revealing **blinding daylight** behind.

As soon as it opens, **Amanda's shackle also snaps open**, and we begin to hear the hiss of the flammable gas tank in the room, coming alive as the wire attached to the now-open door comes loose.

The camera whips to the other side of the window pane, into the recovery room.

Inside, the fireplace has suddenly turned into a **FLAMETHROWER.** Spewing flames into the room, catching both it and Cecilia on fire in the process.

She stumbles back, and manages to extinguish the flames off of her, but there's now a wall of angry flame between her and John.

Meanwhile, John uses the bit of strength he has left to weakly pull the oxygen mask from his wheelchair onto his face.

EXT. OUTSIDE ART GALLERY - NOON

Amanda and Jacob both stumble outside, covering their eyes from the brightness of the sun.

Jacob falls to the ground from the vivid pain, his face has melted off. Before him, a pig-headed figure stands -- wielding the fire poker. It's Hoffman.

Amanda looks on at Hoffman and silently nods, before making a run for it.

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - NOON

In the Exhibition Hall, the sound from the speakers has finally shifted from the diorama room to Isabella's room, we hear her calling for help and yanking her chains.

Meanwhile, Liz is slowly but surely crawling to the center of the room, looking for the cellphone, as everyone cheers her on.

OLIVIER
You got this!

She finally reaches it. Patting the legs for the lump she saw earlier.

She finds the pocket. And reaches in.

A version of the familiar "HELLO ZEPP" theme begins to play.

But what she pulls out isn't a cellphone -- it's... **the blue skull.** Isabella's reminder of *Memento Mori*. The same one from the monitor.

Liz holds it up in sheer shock and confusion, for the rest of the group to see.

She gets a closer look at the dismembered corpse, then looks back at the monitor.

This is not a random corpse... **it's Isabella.**

Liz's jaw falls agape.

ISABELLA (FROM THE MONITOR)
HELP!!

We get a FLASHBACK.

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

JACOB
(crying)
I don't care what happens to me, I just want my wife back.

JOHN
...don't worry -- she's within reach.
(beat)
And if you reach her in time-

We see footage of Mary, from earlier, reaching the severed hand, then jamming it into her sacrifice device.

JOHN (CONT'D)
...She'll be able to lend you a **hand** to help you out of your... predicament.

As these flashbacks hit, the camera is slowly spinning around her, as a visual call back to the ending of the original *SAW*.

It continues to rotate, stopping when Isabella's monitor is in full view behind Liz.

ISABELLA (FROM MONITOR)
Please don't kill me! Please! Think of our **child.**

These chilling words cause Liz to turn around, fixated on the monitor.

An ominous figure is now standing beside a crying, terrified Isabella. We soon recognize it as... **Jacob**.

He violently throws the standing mirror to the ground, shattering it.

We cut to a series of more flashbacks.

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

JOHN
Are you going to be trusting a man who's entire purpose has been to deceive you, since the moment you met him?

As John says that, this time the camera WHIP PANS to **JACOB.** Revealing who this game was about all along.

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

JOHN
Your attempts to outsource the difficult choices of life to a third party leave you at their mercy. But tell me --
what happens if you're bad judges of character?

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - EARLIER (NEW FLASHBACK)

Jacob wakes up in the room, before anyone else does, and finds a tape recorder next to him. He plays it.

JIGSAW (FROM TAPE)
Hello Jacob, I want to play a game.
(beat)
Like too many others - you've gotten away with murder.
Unfortunately for you, I have evidence of your crime. Today, if you can deceive your cellmates the way you've done others, you'll be freed, and the evidence destroyed.

END FLASHBACKS

INT. SHADY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

We're now fully immersed in the room on Isabella's monitor.

Jacob leans down on top of Isabella, wielding a **broken mirror piece**.

JACOB
(crying)
I know you cheated on me.

ISABELLA
(panicked)
I didn't! I'm pregnant with our child!!

JACOB
(manic)
It's not mine. We tried for so long. I know we can't conceive.

ISABELLA
(screaming)
Help!

He buries the mirror piece into her chest. We hold for a moment on Isabella's shocked expression, absorbing the full scale of the betrayal in her final moments.

As the theme crescendos, we move through more flashbacks, in rapid succession:

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

JACOB
She's pregnant.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I thought we couldn't for the longest time but... I was wrong.
(beat)
She came to me, excited to share the news...
(beat)
But I was too broken by then.

We get a close-up of Jacob's hands holding the yellow skull.

JACOB (V.O.)
"Remember you must die". It's just a Latin phrase.

JACOB
A reminder of our mortality.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It's very precious to me.

THESE LAST WORDS ECHO, AS WE CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE ART GALLERY - NOON

Hoffman begins VIOLENTLY swinging the fire poker at Jacob, as more flashbacks echo as V.O over the beating.

FROM EARLIER:

JOHN (V.O.)
We don't kill.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)
These people don't deserve our clemency.

JOHN (V.O.)
(Emphasizing)
We don't change people. We reveal their nature.

Hoffman continues the beating until Jacob lays motionless, mangled and burnt beyond recognition. He's **dead**.

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone sits in stunned silence, trying to process what they just witnessed.

As Isabella's final breaths echo through the room, the monitors all turn off at once. Then-

Kenny's device whirs on again, this time inserting TWO metallic rods simultaneously into his hand.

Jigsaw's words from earlier echo as V.O.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
But should your chosen saviors fail to save the lives of the people on the monitors, or fail to perform the necessary personal sacrifices, the device will continue to demand them... from you.

The pain is too much, Kenny squirms and stirs, grunting in a trance-like manner. A mix of spit and blood spilling out of his mouth. He's unable to even scream anymore.

Then, the guillotine blade above him lights up at the rim, and drops below, embedding itself halfway into his head.

KENNY
(shocked)
F...Fuck...

His shocked expression remains embedded into his face as he stumbles to his knees, then drops dead.

Mary screams, but Olivier is too preoccupied with Liz, who's still at the center of the room, increasingly unstable.

OLIVIER
Liz!! It's ok, baby.

Liz looks back, but doesn't respond. The pool of blood is widening around her, and she passes out.

OLIVIER (CONT'D)
NOOO!!!! LIZ! Get up!!

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - NOON

We're back in the recovery room, now engulfed in flames. Cecilia coughing profusely on one side of the room, the fireplace still spewing its angry flame separating her from John.

Amanda finally barges into the room, and soon spots Cecilia.

She immediately grabs the tipped over flower pot from the shelf, and uses it to BLUDGEON Cecilia, shattering it and causing her to fall over.

Cecilia is in a coughing fit and gasping for air, weakened by the heavy smoke filling the room.

Amanda throws herself on top of her, grasping her throat with all her strength.

Cecilia's eyes widen, facing the rage in her eyes.

Amanda lets go, instead beginning to pound her fists onto Cecilia's face, blood flying all around.

Suddenly, she grabs a sharp piece of the flower pot she just broke.

She holds it up with both hands, her vivid shadow cast against the wall by the light of the flames.

(We get a quick flash of matching frames from SAW, of Amanda's silhouette brandishing the knife over her "dead" cellmate)

In the present, Cecilia stares up into Amanda's rageful eyes, and smiles weakly, blood already pouring down her face from the beating.

Amanda **plunges the broken piece into Cecilia's stomach.** Cecilia immediately gasps for air in panic, unable to fill her lungs.

Amanda stabs her *again*.

And again.

And again.

And **again.**

And **AGAIN.**

Blood and bits of entrails increasingly cover her hands.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - NOON

As Olivier's screams of anguish blend into the background, Mary is back to her laser-focused goal of getting the tape out of her device.

This could be her way out.

Suddenly, an idea hits her. She looks around the ground, and grabs the pocket knife Olivier threw her way.

She jams it into the screw hole on the box, and goes to work.

The box eventually pops open, allowing her to reach the **tape.**

She flips it over as we get a close-up of it. It reads:

"YOUR HUSBAND'S TAPE."

A few beats pass.

Mary's heart sinks, she holds her hand over her mouth as she tries to steady herself.

Her hands shaking, she turns and sees the tape recorder on the ground, thankfully within her reach.

She throws herself to the ground to barely reach it, and puts the tape in. She clicks it on.

Once again, "HELLO ZEPP" begins to play.

(beat)

JIGSAW (FROM TAPE)
Hello Mr. Hindle... or as they call you around the hospital: Zep.

The monitors of the Exhibition Hall blast on once again, now showing security footage of the **INDUSTRIAL BATHROOM**, with a man pointing a gun at Lawrence Gordon, who's crawling on the floor. We recognize the event from the end of *SAW*.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

As these familiar words echo, we get a flashback of John's hospital room from earlier, with a freeze-frame on the orderly from that hospital as he comes into frame, this is **Zep Hindle.**

The tape continues:

JIGSAW (FROM TAPE)
Will you murder a mother and her child to save yourself?
(beat)
Listen carefully, if you will; there are rules.

We get very rapid flash frames of footage from the original *SAW:*

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zep is shown watching monitors from the classic bathroom game.

JIGSAW (FROM TAPE) (CONT'D)
You are a voyeur, an insatiable man willing to do anything to tame your... impulses.

As the tape carries on, we get a series of flashback sequences in quick succession.

INT. SHADY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (NEW FLASHBACK)

We see Zep installing the camera into the motel room wall, aiming it squarely at the bed, hoping to tame his sexual impulses.

As he moves out of frame, we hold on the camera lens hidden in the wall, a faint red light blinking as it records.

We then show Zep giving money to **Judith**, who was standing in the room with him. He puts the cash into her palm and closes her hand.

ZEP
For your trouble.

She pockets it, with a look of guilt on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. JIGSAW'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

We're back to Jigsaw's hospital room, from the earlier flashback.

JOHN
(in the background)
I've had a long day of treatments.
I've got more coming my way
tomorrow morning. I need my rest.

This time, we see Zep's perspective, watching his laptop screen.

We recognize the footage as the same that was playing on Isabella's game monitor in the Exhibition Hall.

We see Jacob shattering the mirror and murdering Isabella with a shard.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - DIORAMA ROOM - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

We see quick flashes echoing Judith's quartering trap, ending with her final discovery:

JIGSAW (V.O.)
For years you've taken bribes to
turn a blind eye to the horrors
surrounding you...

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Find the symbol of your shame hidden within this room.

JUDITH
Ca...me...ra

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - NOON

Back with Mary, mouth agape. A look of mixed anger, confusion and sadness on her face. Olivier is too focused on Liz to process anything happening around him.

The tape continues:

JIGSAW (FROM TAPE) (CONT'D)
Unfortunately for you, Zep, I've become aware of your... transgressions.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EARLIER (NEW FLASHBACK)

We see the continuation of the earlier scene -- after Zep leaves, John goes over to his laptop, and watches what he was seeing. John recoils at the discovery.

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - NOON

Back with Mary, whose expression is now a mix of tears and terror.

JIGSAW (FROM TAPE) (CONT'D)
You've witnessed the murder of a young mother and her unborn child. But you've decided to remain a mere bystander, afraid of the consequences on your life, should it lead to others discovering your... habits.

We see more footage from *SAW*, of Zep rocking back and forth, listening to his tape.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But now, being a simple bystander won't be an option. Today, I ask you: **What happens when the witness becomes the perpetrator?**

We get rapid frames showing footage of the bathroom game in *SAW.* Then-

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Zep is shown kidnapping Allison and Diana, and later pointing a gun at them.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - EXHIBITION HALL - NOON

We're back with Mary, she's still staring at the monitors. On them, Zep now gets swept off his feet by ADAM. The tape continues over the footage:

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Complete this test, and you'll earn your right to silence. But fail to do so, and this evidence will find its way into the light...
…and you will face the consequences.
(beat)
Make your choice.

The tape clicks off.

Mary falls to her knees, devastated, sobbing.

On the screens, Adam is shown **VIOLENTLY BEATING ZEP TO A PULP WITH A TOILET LID.**

MARY
(sobbing)
NOOOOOOO!

Olivier is rocking back and forth in his corner of the room, still processing the shock of what happened to Liz.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda is still repeatedly stabbing Cecilia's mangled body. Her wounds so significant, we can barely discern it's her. Cecilia is long dead, but Amanda maniacally continues her carnage.

Soon, the flamethrower stops spewing flames, revealing Jigsaw lying on the ground beyond them.

That's enough to finally stop her. Amanda leaps to his side.

AMANDA
(sobbing)
John!

John looks unrecognizable. Bruised face, swollen eyes, cuts covering him. Yet beneath it all, we can almost discern an eerie sense of satisfaction on his face.

Amanda sobs uncontrollably, the weight of her guilt crushing her very soul.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, it's all my fault...
This happens to everyone I love-

Unexpectedly, John lifts his hand to reach Amanda's face. He wipes her tears away with his thumb.

Then, he somehow finds the strength to sit up, slowly. He lifts Amanda's face, holding her chin up.

JOHN
(mumbling through the injuries)
It's okay.

Almost **supernaturally, he slowly stands**, his figure and silhouette drawn in sharp contrast against the fiery background. He pulls the hood of his robe over his head.

As he does, another quick series of flashbacks:

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

A flash of Amanda storming out of the room, and locking the door behind her.

INT. HOFFMAN'S VAN - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)

HOFFMAN
I know you see her as your successor, but...

JOHN
(coldly)
Let me worry about Amanda.

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - EARLIER (NEW FLASHBACK)

Moments after Amanda storms out, John stands, and goes to **unlock the door - purposely paving the way for Cecilia's arrival.**

END FLASHBACKS

INT. ART GALLERY - RECOVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOHN
I forgive you.

He's now towering above Amanda, who's kneeling next to him. She is back within his grasp.

By his **design.**

He's imposing. Strong. Scary. He's **Jigsaw.** The frail old man he was, now fully eclipsed by his persona.

Jigsaw holds out his hand, and Amanda grabs it.

He helps her stand.

The two of them walk out of the room, Amanda helping him along.

They reach the corridor, and soon, reach the open door to the Exhibition Hall.

They stop for a moment, the corridor now filled with smoke.

The distant orange glow of the flames is growing ever stronger behind them, casting its light onto John's monstrous, deformed face.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Game Over.

Mary and Olivier look on in pure despair, both still crying and screaming.

MARY AND OLIVIER
(in unison)
PLEASE, DON'T DO THIS!!

They both scream into the abyss, the final echoes of their dying hopes. Their fate is sealed.

We get a close-up of John's horribly injured, bloody face. He and Amanda slam the door shut, his terrifying, monstrous expression disappearing behind the door.

There was once humanity there. it's gone now.

John and Amanda turn away from the door, together.
They walk away from the inferno, and into the darkness ahead.
Leaving behind their trail of pain, death, and destruction.

FADE OUT.

CREDITS ROLL, OVER "ERIC", BY MITSKI.

VINC360
R/SAW